



THE FEAST OF AXOS

A FOUR-PART STORY BY MIKE MADDOX

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR/AXON DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER

Time traveller. Genius.

EVELYN SMYTHE: MAGGIE STABLES

Friend of genius, professor of history.

THOMAS BREWSTER: JOHN PICKARD

Friend of genius and sneak.

VOICE OF AXOS: BERNARD HOLLEY

Giant alien parasite.

CAMPBELL IRONS: JOHN BANKS

Millionaire entrepreneur, polite yet ruthless, 50s.

JOANNE SLADE:

Scientist specialising in alien technology, 30s.

DAVID BROCK: CHOOK SIBTAIN

Professional pilot and astronaut, 40s.

CRAIG SWANSON:

RAF pilot/astronaut, 30s.

PHILIPPE LEFEVRE: DUNCAN WISBEY

French spationaut, 40s.

SVENNI NILSON: JOHN BANKS

Norwegian romfarer, 30s.

ALSO: MISSION CONTROL (DEVESHAM); MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA).

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PART ONE

PRE-CREDITS: REPRISE FROM THE GATHERING SWARM

DOCTOR:

Brewster! I might have known! Once a cutpurse, always a cutpurse!

EVELYN:

What are you doing here? Thomas?

FX: THE SAFETY CATCH OF A REVOLVER.

BREWSTER:

Guess.

DOCTOR:

Oh, please. Put the gun down, Brewster.

BREWSTER:

You don't get it, do you? This is a hi-jack.

EVELYN:

A hi-jack?

BREWSTER:

You're gonna take me back to my own time. Now!

DOCTOR:

Excuse me, but I do not take orders from any common thief!

BREWSTER:

No more talk, Doctor. Drive!

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 1: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

FX: FAINT HUM OF ENGINES. LOW, DISCREET BEEPS FROM INSTRUMENTS. MORE EASYJET FLIGHT DECK THAN *ENTERPRISE*.

MISSION CONTROL (DEVESHAM):

(RADIO) Mission control to Spaceship *Windermere*, you are go for burn. Repeat, go for burn.

DAVID:

Roger that, Devesham. Four. Three. Two. One. And burn.

FX: ROCKET MOTOR BURNING OUTSIDE CABIN.

CRAIG:

We are at burn. Telemetry check. Go with throttles up.

MISSION CONTROL (DEVESHAM):

(RADIO) Throttles up, *Windermere*. Looking good, David.

CRAIG:

Boosters at max and holding. (TO JOANNE) You alright back there, Miss Slade?

JOANNE:

I can't believe it. We're in space! We're actually in space!

CRAIG:

Nice view, isn't it? Look. Tropical storm over the Gulf. See it? And over there, the great Oklahoma desert. I can remember when this was all fields.

JOANNE:

It's incredible. How do you ever get used to this?

CRAIG:

You don't.

DAVID:

Good job too, or we'd be out of business.

JOANNE:

Ohh, space tourism's here to stay, you're set up for life. –

FX: COMMS BUZZ.

CAMPBELL:

(RADIO) We don't like the "T" word, Miss Slade. It's affordable low-orbit travel. Not tourism.

DAVID:

Is that – [Campbell?]

CAMPBELL:

(RADIO) Devesham calling. Campbell here.

CROSS TO:

SCENE 2: INT. MISSION CONTROL

FX: HOUSTON, BASICALLY – BUSY BUZZ OF TECHNICIANS HUNCHED OVER INDIVIDUAL MONITORS.

CRAIG:

(DISTORTED, VIA BIG SCREEN) Reading you loud and clear, Mr Irons, sir.

JOANNE:

(D) Sorry, Mr Irons, I didn't mean –

CAMPBELL:

Thirty years ago, Miss Slade, when we first began this little venture, they said all we were doing was giving joy rides for the mega-rich – for Russian oligarchs, Texan billionaires, rock stars with more money than sense. Well, we proved them wrong. It's still not cheap, I know, but now we offer space flight for the price of a luxury cruise.

JOANNE:

(D) I realise that, of course, sir –

CAMPBELL:

But as of today, Miss Slade – *Joanne* – as of today, everything changes. Today marks not just the first flight of the *Windermere*, but the first day of Britain's future in a post-carbon world!

MISSION CONTROL (DEVESHAM):

(OFF) Sorry, Mr Irons, sir, but we really should –

CAMPBELL:

We've got time. Here on Earth, people are scared. The oil's running dry. They fear for their jobs. They fear for the future. Today, we can change all that. Clean, green, unlimited energy for all. You know what this means to me. You know what you mean to me.

JOANNE:

(D) Thank you, sir. It means a lot to us, too, knowing you're down there, watching our every step.

CAMPBELL:

It's the least I can do, Joanne. And – Squadron Leader Swanson? Mister Brock?

DAVID/CRAIG:

(D) Hello, sir./Yes, sir.

CAMPBELL:

Bring me my ship back in one piece!

SCENE 3: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

FX: FADE IN. B/G HUM. CLICK OF GUN BEING COCKED.

EVELYN:

Thomas, there's no need for this -

BREWSTER:

I said drive. Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Very well. Your own time, did you say? (FX: DOCTOR OPERATING TARDIS CONTROLS.) Let's see... how about eighteen-seventy? Near enough?

BREWSTER:

Yeah, that'll do.

DOCTOR:

Simply a matter of setting the co-ordinates...

FX: BUTTONS PRESSED - ACTIVATING A SENSORY DISTORTION FORCEFIELD AS IN 'GATHERING SWARM' SCENE 43.

BREWSTER:

(RENDERED IMMOBILE) W-what have you done to me-?

DOCTOR:

Activated the TARDIS's sensory disorientation force-field, that's all.

BREWSTER:

But - I can't move!

DOCTOR:

That's the idea. Evelyn - take the gun off Mr Brewster, please.

FX: EVELYN DOES SO.

EVELYN:

What do you want me to do with it?

DOCTOR:

Pass it to me. Carefully. Now, Thomas, are you willing to behave?

BREWSTER:

Just let us out of this, will you?!?

DOCTOR:

I'll take that as a yes.

FX: FORCEFIELD DE-ACTIVATED.

BREWSTER:

(GETS BREATH) Like being stuck in a vice.

DOCTOR:

There was no need to point a gun at me, you know. You could simply have asked nicely.

BREWSTER:

And you'd have taken us where I wanted to go?

DOCTOR:

I would have considered it. But I'm rather disinclined to cooperate with anyone who threatens to shoot me!

BREWSTER:

I wasn't gonna shoot you, not really.

EVELYN:

I'm sorry, but then what was the gun for? Dramatic effect?

BREWSTER:

Check the magazine, Doctor.

FX: REVOLVER OPENED UP.

DOCTOR:

Empty. It wasn't loaded.

EVELYN:

You were bluffing?

DOCTOR:

So it seems.

BREWSTER:

I don't shoot people. I'm not a wrong 'un.

EVELYN:

Excuse me, young man, but the last time we met you left me in an underground chamber to be possessed by an alien planet!

BREWSTER:

Hey, you're still alive, ain't you?

EVELYN:

No thanks to you!

DOCTOR:

I think the best thing to do would be to place Brewster here in the custody of the police. I suggest we drop in on Detective Inspector Menzies, and let justice take its course!

FX: CO-ORDINATES BEING SET.

BREWSTER:

Doctor, I told you, there ain't nothing for me in the twenty-first century -

DOCTOR:

And there's nothing for you in the TARDIS, either. You made your bed, Thomas Brewster, you lie in it. And that is my final word on the matter!

FX: TARDIS VWORPING AWAY.

SCENE 4: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

FX: AS BEFORE.

MISSION CONTROL (DEVESHAM):

(RADIO) Green go on de-orbit manoeuvre.

DAVID:

Course adjustment. Craig, pitch to nine point three.

CRAIG:

Nine point three, check.

DAVID:

Thrust vector burn in three. Two. One. —

FX: SHORT BURN OF ROCKET.

CRAIG:

Course adjustment confirmed.

JOANNE:

So, Craig — not missing the RAF?

CRAIG:

Oh, I had a great time. Loved the life, loved the excitement, saw a bit of action in the Malayan War. But I wanted to go into space. That was always the dream, ever since I was a kid.

DAVID:

When he applied, Campbell nearly bit his hand off.

CRAIG:

Yaw adjust. Gimbals locked.

MISSION CONTROL (DEVESHAM):

(RADIO) Check.

FX: SENSOR TRIPPED.

DAVID:

Time field threshold detected.

JOANNE:

This is it. Remember, we're likely to experience any number of strange effects once we cross the field threshold.

DAVID:

You mean — it's all going to get weird from here on in?

MISSION CONTROL (DEVESHAM):

Comms break imminent. Craig, Jo, David: before you pass the field threshold, all of us here at Devesham, we just want to say – good luck, and [God speed. –]

FX: DISSOLVES INTO STATIC.

DAVID:

OK. We're on our own, kids. –

FX: PINGING LIKE RADAR.

CRAIG:

Target in range.

MUSIC: SUGGESTS THE VAST BULK OF AXOS HOVING INTO VIEW.

DAVID:

And there she is.

JOANNE:

It's huge. And so, so –

CRAIG:

Alien?

JOANNE:

Orange.

FX: FEROCIOUS BURST OF FEEDBACK.

DAVID:

Whoa!

FX: FEEDBACK BURST RESOLVES ITSELF INTO:

VOICE OF AXOS:

(FLAT MONOTONE ON RADIO) [... Earth,] Axos calling Earth. Fuel system exhausted. Request immediate assistance. Immediate assistance. – [Axos calling Earth, Axos calling Earth. Fuel system exhausted. Request immediate assistance. Immediate assistance. –] (CONTINUES THROUGH:)

CRAIG:

It's talking to us!

DAVID:

Jo? What's going on?

JOANNE:

It's the time distortion, I warned you. We're picking up transmissions going backwards and forwards in time.

CRAIG:

So which was that? Backwards or forwards?

JOANNE:

Backwards.

DAVID:

You hope.

JOANNE:

We're hearing the original broadcast. The one Axos made when it first contacted Earth, back in the twentieth century.

CRAIG:

You're sure?

JOANNE:

I've studied to that recording hundreds of times. (FX: VOICE OF AXOS FADES OUT.) Trust me, it's just a blast from the past. Axos is dormant.

FX: FADE UP, FROM SCENE XX:

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO DISTORT) This is the spaceship Windermere. –

DAVID:

Hang on. Is that you?

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO DISTORT) Our mission is a success. Axos is safe. Repeat, Axos is [made safe. –] (FX: FADES OUT QUICKLY.)

JOANNE:

Forwards. That was forwards.

DAVID:

That was you – in the future?

JOANNE:

Axos is stuck in a figure of eight, looping through four dimensions. We're going right inside that loop, so...

CRAIG:

I trust you, Jo. It's going to be fine. Weird, but fine.

DAVID:

I think we should go for an approach run.

FX: ROCKET QUICK BURN.

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO DISTORT) [This] ... is the spaceship Windermere. Our mission is a [success.]

CRAIG:

Oh, great, you again.

JOANNE:

It means it's going to work. We send a message back to ourselves, to let us know it all works out fine.

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO DISTORT) [... the] spaceship Windermere. Our mission is a success.

DAVID:

Yeah, we got that part, love. Change the record.

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO DISTORT) Our mission -

VOICE OF AXOS:

[... calling] Earth, Axos calling Earth. Fuel system [exhausted-]

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO DISTORT) ... is a success.

SCENE 5: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

FX: TARDIS IN FLIGHT.

DOCTOR:

Not long now.

BREWSTER:

You needn't look so pleased about it.

EVELYN:

I don't understand, Doctor. If Brewster here is from the Victorian age – what was he doing in 2011?

BREWSTER:

That was the Doctor's doing. When I was his companion before, that's where he dropped me off.

DOCTOR:

And I'm sorry it didn't work out, but the fact remains, Thomas – it's time you faced the music!

EVELYN:

I'm not sure I see the harm, in taking him back where he came from.

BREWSTER:

Yeah, me neither.

DOCTOR:

The harm is Thomas Brewster himself! That boy, Evelyn – that boy, wherever and whenever I take him, he's a menace!

SCENE 6: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

FX: CUT UP SECTIONS OF PAST AND FUTURE MESSAGES, PHASING IN AND OUT:

VOICE OF AXOS:

(RADIO DISTORT) Axos calling Earth, Axos calling Earth. Fuel system exhausted. Request immediate assistance. Immediate assistance.

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO DISTORT) This is the spaceship Windermere. Our mission is a success. Axos is safe. Repeat, Axos is made safe.

CRAIG:

(OVER) Okay, that's enough of that. I can't hear myself think.

FX: RADIO CUT OFF.

JOANNE:

Craig. They could have told us something important.

CRAIG:

If it's not the winning numbers for next week's global lottery, I don't need to know. (BEAT) We're approaching the threshold. Jo, you ready with that magic box of yours?

JOANNE:

Yeah, you just concentrate on steering, okay?

FX: JO POWERING UP DISPLACEMENT DEVICE - BLIPS ON KEYPAD.

DAVID:

What is that thing, exactly?

JOANNE:

Recovered alien tech, as if you couldn't tell by looking at it. There was stuff falling out of the sky like confetti in the last century. This was found in a field in Kent. So far as we can figure it out, given it didn't come with a manual, it's like a shield, displacing the flow of time about an area of space.

DAVID:

Not much of a time machine, then.

JOANNE:

No, but we figure it'll protect us from any physical damage as we cross the threshold, and enter the time loop itself.

DAVID:

Physical damage-?

JOANNE:

You know – us suddenly ageing to death, that sort of thing.

DAVID:

Yeah, but that's not likely, is it-?

JOANNE:

Not to death, no. But the loop was first placed nearly fifty years ago, so –

DAVID:

What, we might turn eighty in an instant?

JOANNE:

Got to admit – I topped up my pension, just to be sure.

CRAIG:

Hold on to that happy thought, here comes the threshold in five. Four. Three. Two. [One.]

JOANNE:

Activating – now.

FX: HORRIBLE SQUEALING SOUND, LIKE DONALD SUTHERLAND IN *BODYSNATCHERS* MIXED WITH AN ANIMAL IN PAIN. HORRIBLE.

DAVID:

Turn it off! Turn it off!

JOANNE:

I can't!

SCENE 7: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

FX: TARDIS IN FLIGHT.

EVELYN:

Brewster, here? A menace? How?

DOCTOR:

Don't let the 'poor me' face fool you, Evelyn. He's already happily conversant with twenty-first century history and technology. If I take him back to the nineteenth century, trust me - he'll use every scrap of foreknowledge he's gleaned in his own self-interest!

EVELYN:

You don't know that.

BREWSTER:

Aw, leave it, missus. He's just sore about the damage to his Holy Joe reputation, what with me going round calling meself 'The Doctor'.

DOCTOR:

Yes, and that's the second time you've pulled that particular stunt, which rather proves my point - a leopard doesn't change its [spots!]

FX: THE AWFUL SQUEALING NOISE FROM THE WINDERMERE CRASHES IN.

BREWSTER:

What the Devil is that?

EVELYN:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(FX: BUTTONS, LEVERS.) I don't know!

BREWSTER:

Make it stop!

FX: TARDIS MAKES UNHAPPY NOISES, IN DISTRESS.

BREWSTER:

Hey, is it supposed to make that noise?

DOCTOR:

No, it's not! -

FX: NOISE FADES AWAY.

DOCTOR:

There, that's better.

BREWSTER:

That sound – it was like a fox in a snare, screaming.

EVELYN:

It was horrible.

DOCTOR:

(FX: SCANNING NOISES.) It was a cry for help. Someone or something is in pain.

EVELYN:

Where's it coming from?

DOCTOR:

The Time Vortex. Someone is playing around with time technology.

EVELYN:

Another Time Lord?

DOCTOR:

No... I don't think so. Whoever it is, they don't have the faintest idea what it is they're doing!

SCENE 8: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

FX: FADE UP. THE SCREAMING CUTS OFF SUDDENLY. B/G AS BEFORE.

CRAIG:

It's stopped.

DAVID:

What was that? Jo? Jo!

JO:

I don't know, I don't know what it was -

CRAIG:

I thought you were the expert on alien stuff.

JO:

It must... it must have been something to do with crossing the threshold. Some kind of temporal feedback.

DAVID:

Anything on the instruments?

CRAIG:

Nothing. Everything's reading normal.

JOANNE:

And we've not aged fifty years, so that's a bonus.

DAVID:

Not on the outside, maybe. My guts, on the other hand -

CRAIG:

Come on, people, we all need to focus. David - distance to target?

DAVID:

Two point six kilometres.

CRAIG:

Check retros. Coming about.

FX: ROCKET QUICK BURN.

DAVID:

There it is again. Axos. You are sure it's dead?

JOANNE:

We wouldn't be here if it was dead. It's hibernating, we think. But still, very much alive...

SCENE 9: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

FX: TARDIS TICKING OVER.

EVELYN:

So this time interference is causing someone or something to cry out in pain?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Let's see exactly what. Scanner, please, Evelyn. -

BREWSTER:

It's alright, I can do that.

FX: SCANNER OPENING.

DOCTOR:

Earth. Low orbit. Oh, now that looks familiar!

EVELYN:

What on Earth is it? Looks like a pitcher plant, floating in space.

DOCTOR:

Honestly, if you want something doing, don't leave it to your former selves to sort out. I wonder what's wrong?

BREWSTER:

Looks harmless enough.

DOCTOR:

Harmless? Harmless?!? *That* - is a parasitic organism, a vampire from space, drifting from planet to planet to suck their energy dry. It's called Axos.

EVELYN:

Well, it doesn't seem to be doing anything much right now.

DOCTOR:

What? No, do pay attention, Evelyn. It tried to feed on the Earth years ago, but I trapped it in a time loop. Trouble was, my TARDIS was, er, compromised, and half my memory was missing.

EVELYN:

So you bodged the job?

DOCTOR:

Well, it was all the Time Lords' fault. They'd stranded me on Earth.

BREWSTER:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Why?!?

EVELYN:

Yes, Doctor. Why?

DOCTOR:

Oh, stupid reasons.

EVELYN:

Such as-?

DOCTOR:

Oh, mostly to do with stealing the TARDIS.

BREWSTER:

What - you stole the TARDIS?

DOCTOR:

Technically.

BREWSTER:

And he dares to have a pop at me?!?

FX: DOCTOR SETTING CO-ORDINATES.

DOCTOR:

None of this is relevant right now. Right now, I strongly suspect that someone or something is interfering with Axos - and it's my business to put a stop to them!

FX: VWORPING AWAY.

SCENE 10: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

FX: ANOTHER BURST OF ENGINES.

DAVID:

Axos straight ahead, one kilometre and closing.

CRAIG:

See anything, Jo?

JOANNE:

No. No sign of a hatch. So - David -

DAVID:

- we stick to the A plan. Fly into its mouth.

JOANNE:

Dock with its mouth.

DAVID:

There's a difference-?

FX: BEEPS.

CRAIG:

Just take us in nice and easy. Fingers crossed we can get it to open up.

DAVID:

Jo, Craig - you know what comes next. Get down to the cargo bay.

JOANNE:

E.V.A. time. (SARCASTIC) Great.

SCENE 11: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

FX: TARDIS LANDS AND ROTOR STOPS. SCANNER OPENS. AXOS INTERIOR SOUNDS OVER SCANNER.

BREWSTER:

We're inside this 'Axos', then?

DOCTOR:

In one of the minor arteries, by the look of it.

EVELYN:

What's that flickering? – There!

DOCTOR:

Nerve endings, I expect. (FX: CONSOLE BLEEPs.) Ah.

EVELYN:

'Ah'?

DOCTOR:

Pressure – variable; atmosphere – very variable; oxygen – thin.

BREWSTER:

Which means, what-?

EVELYN:

Ohh no. You are not getting me in a spacesuit!

DOCTOR:

It's either that, I'm afraid, or sit this one out in the TARDIS. There's a good selection in the wardrobe room...

EVELYN:

What, of Barbarella's cast-offs? (BEAT; THEN EXITS) Alright, alright – I'll find something...

FX: INTERIOR DOOR.

DOCTOR:

You'd better go and get suited up too, Thomas.

BREWSTER:

It's alright, I don't mind waiting in here.

DOCTOR:

Nice try, but I think not. No, I want you right where I can see you.

BREWSTER:

And afterwards, Doctor? You going to take me home?

DOCTOR:

Give me one good reason why I should.

BREWSTER:

Because it's where I belong. I'd stay out of trouble.

DOCTOR:

Somehow I doubt that. Selling off my TARDIS, bit by bit?
Kidnapping innocent people? Running a criminal gang? Pretending to be me?!?

BREWSTER:

Trying to be like you, Doctor. (BEAT) I wouldn't do anything – you know, to change the future and that. I've seen enough to know better. You do know that, don't you?

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Perhaps. Prove to me I can trust you, and.. and, well, I might be persuaded to reconsider.

BREWSTER:

Deal?

DOCTOR:

Deal. Go on, if you're going. Third door on the right. Mine's the one with the fishbowl helmet.

BREWSTER:

Got you. (BEAT) Thanks, Doctor. (EXITS)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER) And while you're about it, you'd better tell Evelyn – make sure you get suits for oxygen-breathers!

SCENE 12: INT. CARGO HOLD OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

FX: JOANNE AND CRAIG PUTTING ON SPACESUITS.

JOANNE:

(STRUGGLING) Ohh, I hate these suits -

CRAIG:

Hold still while I check your seals.

JOANNE:

It's not easy when you're floating upside down.

CRAIG:

Actually - I'm upside down, you're the right way up.

DAVID:

(RADIO) Thank you, Craig. Don't want the lady losing her breakfast in a confined space, do we?

JOANNE:

Right. Harness on. Do people do that often? Get sick I mean?

DAVID:

(RADIO) Nine times out of ten, but we don't mention it in the brochure.

CRAIG:

Right, visors down. -

FX: 2 X CLICKS.

DAVID:

(RADIO) All good?

JOANNE/CRAIG:

(FX: THROUGH SUIT MICS) Check./Check.

DAVID:

(RADIO) OK. Opening cargo bay doors. Hold tight.

FX: ELECTRONIC HUM AND OMINOUS CLANGS AS HATCH BEGINS TO OPEN.

JOANNE:

(FX: SUIT MIC) This is the bit I've been having the nightmares about...

SCENE 13: INT. TARDIS WARDROBE ROOM

FX: RUMMAGING THROUGH RACKS OF CLOTHES.

EVELYN:

Honestly, this wardrobe is utterly unfathomable. I'm not sure if it's supposed to be sorted by planet, date, colour or chest size.

BREWSTER:

(FX: PULLING SUIT OFF PEG) How's this-?

EVELYN:

It's got gills, Thomas.

BREWSTER:

Ah. Right. (FX: REPLACING SUIT) I'm sorry about the – you know, what happened.

EVELYN:

The attempted hijack, or abducting me to another planet?

BREWSTER:

Both.

EVELYN:

Yes. We got off on the wrong foot, rather.

BREWSTER:

Several wrong feet. (FX: ANOTHER SUIT OFF RACK.) Here. Try this one for size. Don't know about the colour, but at least it's only got two arms.

SCENE 14: INT. CARGO HOLD OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

FX: CLANG.

DAVID:

(RADIO) Cargo hatch now fully open.

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Roger. Hey, who'd have guessed, it's a starry night out there. Jo? You OK?

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Yes. My pen's just gone into orbit.

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) You trained for this in a water tank. Space is different.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) You can say that again. It's so clear, it's almost as if you could reach out and touch the stars...

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Extending umbilical now. Jo, keep looking at me! It's my first E.V.A. too, don't forget, so whatever you're feeling, I'm feeling too. Just breath steady and don't look down.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Which way is down?

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) I don't know, but whichever way it is, don't look there. OK. Here... we... go!

THEY LAUNCH THEMSELVES INTO SPACE.

SCENE 15: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

EVELYN:

So. How do I look? It was the best I could find in size Elephant.

DOCTOR:

Don't be silly. It's very...

BREWSTER:

... very?

DOCTOR:

... very you.

EVELYN:

Says Flash Gordon, in his go-faster stripes.

BREWSTER:

Who's Flash Gordon?

EVELYN:

After your time, Buck Rogers.

BREWSTER:

What?

DOCTOR:

Right, then – helmets visors down –

FX: 3 x CLICKS, CLUNKS. SUIT MICS FROM HERE.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) ... and sealed. Ready?

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Yes, Flash.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Follow me.

FX: DOORS OPENING. THEY WALK OUT INTO:

SCENE 16: AXOS – PASSAGEWAY

FX: GLOOPY ALIEN NOISES. THE TARDIS CREW SPEAK OVER RADIO LINKS: VERY 2001, INTERRUPTED BY NASA “BLEEP” EVERY TIME THEY STOP TALKING. AXOS IS VAST AND CAVERNOUS – THEY’RE LIKE PINOCCHIO INSIDE THE WHALE.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) It’s alright, just tread carefully.

BREWSTER:

(SUIT MIC) Yeah, the ground ain’t too firm. Reminds me of me mudlarkin’ days.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Reminds me of a bouncy castle.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Come on – we should be able to trace the artery back to the heart of the ship. Quite literally.

FX: DOCTOR HEADS OFF, BREWSTER AND EVELYN FOLLOWING SLOWLY.

BREWSTER:

(SUIT MIC) Hey, Doctor, slow down!

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) What is it about wandering around inside veins and arteries! Don’t do it for years, and suddenly you’re doing it two days in a row!

SCENE 17: EXT. SPACE (BESIDE AXOS)

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Right. I'm outside the Windermere. I can just touch the exterior surface of Axos. It's soft, almost frictionless. I can't get a purchase.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Give us a second. I'm reaching up to insert the relay line. Firing harpoon now.

FX: WHOOSH OF HARPOON. ORGANIC SPLAT AS IT IMPACTS ON AXOS.

SCENE 18: INT. AXOS – PASSAGEWAY

FX: GENTLE RUMBLE.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) What was that? Like an earthquake.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) I don't know. Thomas, shine your light against the membranes here.

BREWSTER:

(SUIT MIC) It's breathing. Is it breathing?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) If it helps to think of it like that, then yes. Axos is a composite creature. I think it's dreaming.

FX: RUSTLE OF TENDRILS.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) (SMALL SCREAM.) Ah! Something just – touched me!

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Try to mind out of the tendrils. They're sensors, like cilia.

BREWSTER:

(SUIT MIC) Silly what?

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Nose hairs? We're up a nostril-?!?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Evelyn, are you sure you don't want to go back to the TARDIS?

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) No! No, I think I'll stay with you, if that's alright.

BREWSTER:

(SUIT MIC) I wouldn't mind going back...

SCENE 19: EXT. SPACE (BESIDE AXOS)

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Ugh. It's bleeding.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) It's organic, what did you expect? OK. Help me take the line back to the Windermere. Gently, yeah? We don't want to tear the skin membrane.

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) I know, I know. (TO SHIP) David? We're making our way back to the cargo bay. We'll let you know when we can extend the docking tunnel.

DAVID:

(RADIO) Roger. No hurry. You be safe out there.

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Jo? You OK?

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) I was just thinking – she's beautiful, isn't she? Axos, I mean. Like a sea anemone, drifting on the solar wind.. I know, I know, we don't have time for [this–]

CRAIG/JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) (JERKED ABOUT ON END OF LINE) Whoa!/Oh!!!

DAVID:

(RADIO) Craig? Jo? You alright out there?

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) We're fine. It – moved. Axos. Like a pulse, running right through the relay line.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Axos is taking in energy.

DAVID:

(RADIO) Energy? From where?

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) From us, perhaps. It seems to have settled down now. Probably just an unconscious response..

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Love that 'probably'.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Come on, Craig, time to unpack the docking tunnel.

SCENE 20: INT. AXOS - MAIN CHAMBER

FX: DOCTOR, EVELYN, BREWSTER ARRIVING IN CAVERNOUS ROOM. SPONGY FLOORS, SO CAST MAKING EFFORT TO INDICATE WALKING RATHER THAN FOOTSTEPS.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) ... and here we are. The central chamber. The heart of Axos.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) It's enormous. Like a cathedral made of jelly.

BREWSTER:

(SUIT MIC) I thought we were in a spaceship.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) We are. The spaceship is Axos. A vast organism with a single mind, but with the ability to extrude smaller independent units, so it can relate to other species.

BREWSTER:

(SUIT MIC) Friendly, is it?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) No. It relates to them, and then it absorbs them. (FX: BLEEP FROM SUIT.) Aha! Pressure - one atmosphere; oxygen - well, that'll do.

FX: CLICK, RAISES HELMET VISOR. SUDDEN WHOOSH OF AIR.

DOCTOR:

(NORMAL - NO MIC) There, that's better.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) We can take raise our visors?

BREWSTER:

(SUIT MIC) You sure?

DOCTOR:

Oh yes. We might as well save our oxygen for when we need it.

FX: 2 X CLICKS AS EVELYN & BREWSTER RAISE VISORS.

EVELYN:

Oh. Smells like wet dogs. And feet. How odd. It's like the rugby changing room after the boys beat Loughborough.

DOCTOR:

What were you doing in the rugby changing room?

EVELYN:

Sightseeing, mainly.

BREWSTER:

Hey, is it just me, or is this place getting lighter?

DOCTOR:

Axos is an energy vampire. Even our footsteps are giving it life.

EVELYN:

In which case – what are we doing here?

DOCTOR:

Looking for whoever, or whatever, caused Axos to cry out.

BREWSTER:

Well, I don't see no-one here.

DOCTOR:

We got here first, evidently. Which means...

FX: ANOTHER MINOR 'EARTHQUAKE'.

EVELYN/BREWSTER:

Whoa!!!/Steady!!!

DOCTOR:

... which means, whatever is affecting Axos is on the outside, and they're trying to get in. (BEAT) Come on, we need to get back to the TARDIS.

EVELYN:

Well, make up your mind.

DOCTOR:

Basic physics, Evelyn. If someone's trying to access Axos from the outside, they'll have to make a hole to get in.

BREWSTER:

So?

DOCTOR:

Outside is a vacuum, but this part of Axos, as we've discovered, has an atmosphere.

BREWSTER:

So???

EVELYN:

So... if someone makes a big enough hole...

DOCTOR:

Quite. Whatever's inside Axos will be sucked out into space.

BREWSTER:

But... we're inside Axos.

DOCTOR/EVELYN:

Precisely!!!

BREWSTER:

Well, what are we waiting for-? (MOVES OFF)

DOCTOR:

Slowly, slowly! Remember – the faster we run, the more energy we give Axos!

FX: CREEPY SWISH.

BREWSTER:

(GRABBED BY TENDRIL) Aaaah!

DOCTOR:

Oh, what now-?

BREWSTER:

(EFFORT) One of them 'sillier' things. It's got me by the ankle.

DOCTOR:

It's just a reflex response, it doesn't know we're here. Try wriggling.

BREWSTER:

(EFFORT)

DOCTOR:

I said wriggle, not do the lambada.

FX: GREAT MASS OF TENDRILS SWISHING.

EVELYN:

Well, now there's a whole mass of them. Twitching away like attention-deficit spaghetti.

DOCTOR:

More to the point, they're blocking the way back to the TARDIS. (BEAT) Evelyn, stay with Thomas.

EVELYN:

Where are you going?

DOCTOR:

These smaller vents lead off towards the exterior of Axos. I'm going to try and stop whoever's out there from cutting their way in.

EVELYN:

How?

DOCTOR:

(EXITING) Oh, I'll think of something!

BREWSTER:

(CALLING AFTER) You can't just leave us! Doctor! *Doctor!!!*

SCENE 21: INT. AXOS - PASSAGEWAY/REPLICATION CHAMBER

FX: FADE UP. SMALLER CONFINED SPACE, RUSTLING OF TENDRILS AS DOCTOR RUSHES PAST... AND STOPS SHORT.

DOCTOR:

... Oh no! Dead end! This biology is ridiculous! (BEAT) Hold on. Is that -

FX: GLOOPY STRETCHY NOISE.

DOCTOR:

A membrane! Or a door, you might say. Oh well - nothing ventured..

FX: DOCTOR PASSES THROUGH STRETCHY 'CURTAINS', INTO:

DOCTOR:

And now I can't see a thing. (AN IDEA) Running on the spot. (BEGINS RUNNING ON THE SPOT) That's it, running on the spot! Come on, come on... Yes, now I can see!

FX: AND SUDDENLY, PIERCING REPLICATION SECTOR FX KICK IN - AS IN DUPLICATION OF BILL FILER IN 'THE CLAWS OF AXOS' EPISODE TWO.

DOCTOR:

(CRIES OUT) Aaaah! What - no!!! (GASPS IN PAIN)

VOICE OF AXOS:

(FROM ALL AROUND) We are Axos.

DOCTOR:

(PAINED) Where are you-? Please - go back to sleep. Get out of my head, and go back to sleep...

VOICE OF AXOS:

(FROM ALL AROUND) Sleep. Sleep.

DOCTOR:

(PAINED) That's right, sleep. Sleep. I'm here to help. I know there's something out there, something that caused you pain. Please - go back to sleep, and I can make whatever it is go away.

VOICE OF AXOS:

(SLEEPY, LOSING ENERGY) We... are... Axos.

DOCTOR:

That's right. You are Axos. Now... sleep.

VOICE OF AXOS:

(ALERT AGAIN) We are Axos. We... know you. You... are... the Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING) Doctor? No. No!!!

VOICE OF AXOS:

We are Axos. You are the Doctor. We have slept. But now we wake.

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING) Please - you're in my mind. Get out! Get out of my mind!!!

VOICE OF AXOS:

We are Axos. We are Axos! We are Axos!!!

OVER THIS:

DOCTOR:

(SCREAMS)

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

VOICE OF AXOS:

(ALERT AGAIN) *We are Axos. We... know you. You... are... the Doctor.*

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING) *Doctor? No. No!!!*

VOICE OF AXOS:

We are Axos. You are the Doctor. We have slept. But now we wake.

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING) *Please – you're in my mind. Get out! Get out of my mind!!!*

VOICE OF AXOS:

We are Axos. We are Axos! We are Axos!!!

OVER THIS:

DOCTOR:

(SCREAMS)

(SCENE CONTINUES:)

SCENE 22: INT. AXOS – REPLICATION CHAMBER

DOCTOR:

(PASSES OUT) (FX: FLUMPS TO FLOOR)

VOICE OF AXOS:

You will sleep, Doctor. Sleep, like Axos has slept. While you sleep, you will be replicated. Your mind will be shared by Axos. Your knowledge will belong to Axos...

FX: REPLICATION FX CUT OUT AND DIE AWAY.

AXON DOCTOR:

(FLAT TONE VOICE, SLIGHTLY ALIEN) *The Doctor's bodyprint is now part of Axos. I am the Doctor. I am Axos.*

VOICE OF AXOS:

I am Axos.

AXON DOCTOR/VOICE OF AXOS:

We are both Axos!

SCENE 23: INT. DOCKING TUNNEL

FX: HYDRAULIC CLANGS AS CONCERTINA-LIKE DOCKING TUNNEL FINISHES INTERSECTING WITH 'MOUTH' OF AXOS.

DAVID:

(RADIO) Docking tunnel extended and sealed. Craig, Jo - you're good to go.

JOANNE:

(APPROACHING MOUTH OF AXOS) (SUIT MIC) Roger that, David. Access to Axos looks good. You can close the cargo bay doors now.

FX: CLANGS FROM OFF, BEHIND CRAIG AND JO.

DAVID:

(RADIO) Check. Equalising pressure.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) OK, stage two. Craig - help me with the saw.

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) You're sure that cutting into Axos won't wake it up?

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Look at the size of it, Craig. We'll only be making a minor incision, the equivalent of a pin-prick.

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Hey, a pin-prick would wake me up.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) The mouth part's healed over. I don't see any other way in, do you? OK. You'll have to help me brace myself. (BEAT) Don't be shy, hold me tighter!

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Yes. Sure.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Right then, this might be messy.

DAVID:

(RADIO) What, like an Axos chainsaw massacre?

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) You're so not funny, David. Power on!

FX: ACTIVATES HEAVY ELECTRICAL SAW... AND BEGINS CUTTING INTO AXOS. QUICK CUT TO:

SCENE 24: INT. AXOS - REPLICATION CHAMBER

FX: AXOS ALARUMS - AS IN END OF 'CLAWS OF AXOS' EPISODE THREE.

VOICE OF AXOS:

(NOT QUITE COMPREHENDING THE CONCEPT OF PAIN) Warning. Warning. Axos has been penetrated. There is... pain?

AXON DOCTOR:

I am Axos. I... we... feel this 'pain'.

VOICE OF AXOS:

Energy levels are depleted. We cannot fight this 'pain'. We must retreat. You must retreat.

AXON DOCTOR:

But - the Doctor?

VOICE OF AXOS:

Leave him. You have the Doctor's knowledge. We have the Doctor's knowledge. The knowledge to escape our prison. (FEELING PAIN NOW) But... not now. Hurry. Reabsorb yourself into Axos.

AXON DOCTOR:

I am Axos. I... understand.

FX: REABSORPTION FX, AS IN 'CLAWS OF AXOS', AS THE AXON DOCTOR SINKS INTO WALL. ALARUMS CROSS OVER INTO:

SCENE 25: INT. AXOS - MAIN CHAMBER

FX: DISTANT ALARUMS CUT OFF SUDDENLY.

EVELYN:

Well, at least that racket's stopped.

BREWSTER:

Never mind that - (FX: SHOVING TENDRILS ASIDE) - these 'sillier' things have let go!

EVELYN:

So they have. (HELPING BREWSTER UP) I daresay the Doctor had something to do with it.

BREWSTER:

Yeah, or maybe this Axos thing is just too figged to eat us.

EVELYN:

Who said anything about it eating us?

BREWSTER:

Yeah, well - can't say I care much what it wants, I just don't want to be inside it a minute longer. Come on, missus -

EVELYN:

'Evelyn', please! -

BREWSTER:

Evelyn, yeah. Look, it's time we made ourselves scarce. We should get back to the TARDIS, while we can.

EVELYN:

But what about the Doctor? We can't just leave him.

BREWSTER:

He's a big feller, he can look after himself. (BEAT; TURNING ASIDE) Well, I'm going, if you ain't. -

EVELYN:

Thomas Brewster, don't you dare!

BREWSTER:

Look, missus - you go find the Doctor if you want. (WALKING OFF) But you know the high opinion he has of yours truly, he won't be none too happy if he hears you let me out of your sight!

EVELYN:

(CALLING AFTER) Thomas! Thomas Brewster! (BUT HE'S IGNORING HER. TO SELF:) Wretched boy! (SIGHS, FOLLOWS HIM) Wait for me, then! Wait!!!

SCENE 26: INT. DOCKING TUNNEL

FX: SAW STILL GOING. SOUND OF RUBBERY FLESH BEING CUT BY A MECHANISED KNIFE. IMAGINE A MOTORISED PIZZA CUTTER.

DAVID:

(RADIO) How're you doing down there? Jo?

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) (WIELDING CHAINSAW - EFFORT) Nearly through, I think. (FX: CUTS OFF CHAINSAW) This thing is tough, there's layer upon layer of it!

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Take a breather, Jo.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Alright, Craig, do you fancy a go?

SCENE 27: INT. AXOS - PASSAGEWAY/MOUTH AREA

BREWSTER:

(WALKING UP; TO SELF) Hang about - this isn't the way...

EVELYN:

(FOLLOWING ON BEHIND) Thomas Brewster, will you wait?!?

BREWSTER:

This isn't the way. Dunno where we are now. All these arteries look the same. Eeny, meeny, miney, mo, [catch a -]

EVELYN:

Stop right there, please! Now. There must be some kind of logic to the structure of this organism. (FX: THE CHAINSAW STARTS UP AGAIN, ABOUT TWENTY FEET AWAY.) If we just retrace our steps -

BREWSTER:

Shush there, missus. -

EVELYN:

Shush? Shush?!?

BREWSTER:

Shush! - Hear that?

EVELYN:

What is that? A motor?

BREWSTER:

Don't ask me. - Hey, where're you going?

FX: EVELYN FOLLOWS THE SOUND, WE FOLLOW WITH HER INTO MOUTH AREA. SAW INCREASING IN VOLUME THROUGHOUT.

EVELYN:

Whatever it is, it's coming from down here...

BREWSTER:

(JUST BEHIND) On second thoughts, I reckon you might have had a point - you know, about going to find the Doctor?

EVELYN:

(SEEING SAW CUTTING THROUGH MOUTH) Ohh no! Not just a motor - a motorised saw, coming through the wall!

BREWSTER:

Yeah, I've seen enough. We need to get out of here!

EVELYN:

They're cutting into it. It's bleeding, do you see-? (CROSS) Oh, this is butchery! Sheer butchery!

BREWSTER:

You're not listening. Remember what the Doctor said, about the pressure? About us being sucked out into space-?

EVELYN:

Goodness, yes, you're quite right. Please forgive me. Yes, back the way we came. -

BREWSTER:

Too late for that, they're nearly through! (FX: GRABS BUNCH OF TENDRILS.) Here, hold on to these 'siller' things.

EVELYN:

The tendrils, yes. -

BREWSTER:

Wrap 'em round your arms, good and tight. And hang on!!!

FX: SAW CONTINUES. CROSS TO:

SCENE 28: INT. DOCKING TUNNEL

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) David? We're through.

DAVID:

(RADIO) This is it, then. Good luck.

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Jo? You ready?

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) As I'll ever be. Do you want to go first-?

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Not as much as you do.

FX: JO PEELS BACK SHREDDED MOUTH OF AXOS - LIKE A TENT FLAP GOING UP.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) OK. I'm going in. One small step for a Joanne...
(STEPS THROUGH, INTO:)

SCENE 29: INT. AXOS - MOUTH AREA

DAVID:

(RADIO) Jo? Can you see anything?

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) It's pretty gloomy.

DAVID:

(RADIO) How's the pressure-?

FX: CRAIG RELAXES MOUTH FLAP AS HE ENTERS.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Pressure? What pressure-?

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) (FOLLOWING) That was a joke. Pressure's good, David. Gravity near Earth normal.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) (ADVANCING) OK, my eyes are beginning to adjust. The floor's soft. Spongy, kind of like -

EVELYN:

(OFF) ... a bouncy castle?

HUGE ALARM FROM JO, CRAIG & DAVID SIMULTANEOUSLY:

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) There's someone here! Craig, there's someone here-!

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Jo, get back!!!

DAVID:

(RADIO) What was that? I heard - God, what was that-?

EVELYN:

Sorry about that. We come in peace, and so on and so forth. Brewster - say hello to our astronaut friends. Brewster. Brew- (REALISES, BREWSTER'S GONE) Oh, the rotten beggar, he's gone and done a runner.

DAVID:

(RADIO) Craig, Jo - do you need assistance? Repeat, do you -

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) I don't know.

EVELYN:

Yes, I can see this is all terribly confusing for you. I'm Evelyn – Dr Evelyn Smythe. Would you mind awfully helping me out of these tendrils? I seem to have got myself caught good and proper.

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Careful, Jo-!

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) I think it's alright, Craig. (STEPPING FORWARD) Evelyn, you said. What are you doing here, Evelyn?

EVELYN:

I'm sorry-?

JOANNE:

I said, what are you doing here-?

EVELYN:

My dear, it'd be much easier on my ears if you just removed that silly helmet. Look at me, I'm not wearing one, and I'm absolutely fine!

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Jo, it could be an Axon.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) *She* could be, yes. But somehow –

FX: JOANNE REMOVES HELMET. SUIT MIC OFF.

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Jo! No!!!

JOANNE:

... I doubt it.

EVELYN:

There, isn't that much better? I know, I know – "What am I doing here?" And I will tell you, I promise, just as soon as your friend stops waving his laser about.

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Taser.

EVELYN:

I'm sorry-?

CRAIG:

(SUIT MIC) Oh, this is stupid. –

FX: CRAIG REMOVES HELMET. SUIT MIC OFF.

CRAIG:

Taser. High-intensity taser.

EVELYN:

There's a difference, obviously. Well, if it means that much to you, point it where you like. Now - help me out of these tendrils and I'll tell you how we got here - me, Brewster and the Doctor.

JOANNE/CRAIG:

The Doctor-?!?

(BEAT)

EVELYN:

Well. He does get around, doesn't he?

SCENE 30: INT. AXOS - EYE CHAMBER

FX: FADE UP. AXOS IS BEGINNING TO COME BACK TO LIFE.

VOICE OF AXOS:

We have journeyed far, and we have slept. But now we wake. Soon, when the Doctor gives us the secret of space-time travel, we shall be free of our prison, free to feed once more on the planet Earth. Free to feed anywhere within the whole of space-time. The feast of Axos is about to begin!

SCENE 31: INT. AXOS - MAIN CHAMBER

FX: BREWSTER PARTING 'CURTAINS' INTO MAIN CHAMBER, AS EARLIER.

BREWSTER:

(ENTERING, CALLING OUT) Hello? Doctor? It's me, Thomas. There's other people, here in Axos. Mrs Smythe - Evelyn, she needs you. Doctor!!! (BEAT; NO REPLY. TO SELF) No good. Oh, where's he got to-? Brewster, old son - face it, he's left you up a gum tree, good and proper. Ah, this is pointless. (ALOUD) Reckon I'll just have to go back and do what I can for the old lady. (TURNING ASIDE, MOVING OFF; TO SELF) Yeah, but don't blame me if the both of us end up getting ourselves killed, [alright?]

FX: OFF, REVERSE OF ABSORBTION EFFECT EARLIER - THE AXON DOCTOR COMING THROUGH WALL.

BREWSTER:

(TURNING BACK) Hang about, what was - [that?] (WALKING BACK IN; ALOUD, A BIT NERVOUS) Doctor? You there-? Don't play silly beggars, I can't see a bloomin' thing in this [murk] -

AXON DOCTOR:

(OFF) Thomas. Thomas... Brewster.

BREWSTER:

That you? Doctor?

AXON DOCTOR:

(OFF) Greetings, Thomas Brewster.

BREWSTER:

Oh now, there you are! Scared me silly. What are you doing, hanging about back there?

AXON DOCTOR:

(OFF) What is it you want, Thomas Brewster?

BREWSTER:

I want to get off this thing. Get off here and get away. It's not right. Crawling round in the belly of a whale like Jonah. Here, step into the light where I can see you.

AXON DOCTOR:

(STEPPING FORWARD) As you insist.

BREWSTER:

Mercy me! Your eyes. Doctor, what happened to your eyes? Yeah, and your clothes? You're all golden!

AXON DOCTOR:

I am not the Doctor. I am Axos. And I bring you... a proposition.

BREWSTER:

(TURNING TO LEAVE) You must be off your chump, I ain't standing around waiting to be... (HIS INSTINCTS KICK IN; TURNING BACK)
Hang about. What sort of proposition?

SCENE 32: INT. AXOS - PASSAGEWAY

FX: FADE UP. EVELYN GUIDING JO AND CRAIG TOWARDS THE TARDIS.

EVELYN:

(AHEAD) Yes, this is it, this is where we went wrong!

CRAIG:

Jo, it's getting lighter.

JOANNE:

I noticed. Axos is coming round.

EVELYN:

Ah! And there we have it!

CRAIG:

(TO JO) I don't believe it. The old lady was telling the truth.

JOANNE:

(STEPPING FORWARD) A nineteen-fifties metropolitan police box. I'll bet the doors open the wrong way, and it makes a noise like an elephant in labour. (SHAKING HEAD) Just like it says in the UNIT files. Incredible.

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) It is, rather. But I'd keep my hands off, if I were you!

EVELYN:

Doctor! Where've you been-?

DOCTOR:

Ah, well - Axos attacked my mind. But when I came round, it seemed to have retreated back into dormancy - (BREAKS OFF) Young woman, when I say 'Hands off' -

FX: DOCTOR SLAPS JOANNE'S HAND AWAY.

JOANNE:

Ow!

FX: TENDRILS COILING AROUND TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

... I say it for a reason!

EVELYN:

There's tendrils, all around the TARDIS!

DOCTOR:

Yes. Axos is trying to get its claws into her. (ALLOUD, ADDRESSING AXOS) But it won't succeed!

EVELYN:

It can, however, succeed in keeping us stuck here for the duration.

DOCTOR:

That, I suspect, is the plan. – Where's Brewster?

EVELYN:

Skedaddled, true to form. Sorry.

DOCTOR:

Well, he'll find out soon enough, we're all in the same multi-nucleic boat. So, then, Evelyn – aren't you going to introduce us to your astronaut friends?

EVELYN:

Yes, of course. This is [Joanne –]

JOANNE:

... Joanne Slade.

DOCTOR:

And the chap with the taser?

CRAIG:

Craig Swanson.

DOCTOR:

Ironclad Industries spacesuits. A private mission, then. Surely not space tourism?!?

CRAIG:

We don't like the 'T' word.

DOCTOR:

Whether you like it or not, Mr Swanson – I can scarcely believe you've broken into Axos, only to shepherd in a shuttleful of sightseers! You do realise, I hope, the catastrophic consequences for Earth, should Axos break free of its temporal trap?

JOANNE:

The catastrophe's on us already, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Well, what do you mean by [that-?]

FX: AXOS FLEXES, GURGLES OF POWER, OMINOUS TREMBLING.

EVELYN:

Oh my goodness!

DOCTOR:

Stay calm! Axos doesn't want us dead, else it'd just have opened its mouth and coughed us out.

JOANNE:

We need to proceed with stage three of the mission. Doctor – we've read the files, we know you've been inside Axos before.

DOCTOR:

Ye-es...

JOANNE:

So you can lead us on. Take us to the central chamber. Take us to the heart of Axos!

SCENE 33: INT. AXOS - PASSAGEWAY/EYE CHAMBER

BREWSTER:

(WALKING) So how d'you know my name, then? Did the Doctor tell you? The real Doctor, I mean?

AXON DOCTOR:

(WALKING) We have replicated the Doctor, so we might share his ideas, his knowledge, his memories. Some of those memories are of you, Thomas Brewster.

BREWSTER:

(WALKING) (WITHOUT ENTHUSIASM) Oh. That's good.

AXON DOCTOR:

(WALKING) He does not trust you. We believe he is right not do to so. It is in your nature to betray him.

BREWSTER:

(WALKING) You know what they say - 'Give a dog a bad name...'

AXON DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) Who are these 'they'?

BREWSTER:

Don't matter. So where is he, the Doctor? (A THOUGHT) You haven't... you know?

AXON DOCTOR:

You... know?

BREWSTER:

Topped him? Done him in? (BEAT) Killed him?

AXON DOCTOR:

The Doctor... lives. (WALKS)

BREWSTER:

(WALKING) Good, cos I ain't doing nothing for you if the Doctor ain't safe. Old lady Smythe, too, for that matter. Now, about this 'proposition' of yours...

AXON DOCTOR:

(WALKING) Humans have boarded Axos. But Axos has slept. We are not strong.

BREWSTER:

(WALKING) And-?

AXON DOCTOR:

(WALKING) You are deceitful, dangerous and sly, Thomas Brewster.

BREWSTER:

(WALKING) Yeah, alright...!

AXON DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) We wish you to speak for Axos.

BREWSTER:

What-?

AXON DOCTOR:

We have arrived. You may enter the chamber adjoining.

BREWSTER:

(FX: PARTING 'CURTAINS', AS BEFORE.) If you say... Oh my life!
What is that... thing?

AXON DOCTOR:

Behold, Thomas Brewster - the eye of Axos!

SCENE 34: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

JOANNE:

(RADIO) David? You there? Come in, David. -

DAVID:

(SPEAKING INTO COMMS) I'm here, Jo. What's happening?

JOANNE:

(RADIO) You heard everything, right?

DAVID:

The mysterious Doctor, yeah. If he is the Doctor, the real Doctor, we should leave now. Abort.

JOANNE:

(RADIO) We can't do that, David. We agreed with Campbell - we'd stick to the plan, no matter what. Voices, time travel, monsters, anything.

DAVID:

I know, but -

JOANNE:

(RADIO) Nothing stops the mission, David. Nothing.

SCENE 35: INT. AXOS – PASSAGEWAY

EVELYN:

She's taking her time. The lovely Ms Slade.

CRAIG:

She's got some gear to bring in. For the mission.

EVELYN:

And the mission is...? (BEAT) No answer. You don't mind if we speculate among ourselves?

CRAIG:

Just don't wander off.

EVELYN:

I wouldn't dream of it, Mr Swanson. (BEAT; SOTTO) Whatever it is they're up to, Doctor, they're playing their cards very close to their chest.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) We need to watch these people like hawks. Our Thomas Brewster, too, when he gets back from wherever it is he's wandered off to.

EVELYN:

(SOTTO) I have a feeling he went in search of you. You never know, that young man might yet surprise us.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Oh, he's full of surprises.

EVELYN:

(SOTTO) I think he means well. Surely that's all that matters.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Evelyn, have you forgotten, he tried to hi-jack the TARDIS!

EVELYN:

(SOTTO) Everybody makes mistakes. For heaven's sake, we wouldn't be here if you hadn't managed to mess something up in the past!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Well now you're being unfair.

EVELYN:

(SOTTO) All I'm saying is that maybe Thomas has never had the opportunity to be trustworthy.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I'm sorry?

EVELYN:

(SOTTO) Doctor, trust is a two-way street. How can he prove he can be trusted, if you're not prepared to give him a chance? And, for that matter, if you're not prepared to trust him, why should he trust you?

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I suppose you may have a point.

EVELYN:

(SOTTO) You two, your problem is that you're more similar than you realise.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) I hardly think -

EVELYN;

(SOTTO) You're both outsiders, forced to be self-sufficient, never fitting in anywhere - but both trying to do the right thing.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) There is that, yes.

EVELYN:

(SOTTO) And both as pig-headed, too!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Consistency of character is a virtue.

JOANNE:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF, HUMPING GUITAR AMP-SIZED OBJECT) Give us a hand with this thing, Craig.

CRAIG:

Well, what about these two?

JOANNE:

I think you can afford to lower the taser, just for a minute. They're not going anywhere, are they?

DOCTOR:

In which case - why don't I help with that gadget of yours? It looks fascinating.

JOANNE:

What? The great Doctor? You don't know what it is?

DOCTOR:

It's a Sell-Ska-Ratch Universal Arbitrator. Made by a race as far advanced from humans as you are from nematode worms. By the look of it, it's been dropped from a great height, then rebuilt by an engineer working for Ironclad Industries, who's painted it a cheerful shade of yellow and given it to you to play with. (BEAT) Yes, Ms Slade, I am 'the great Doctor'. I'm here to help.

JOANNE:

I believe you. Now, please - lead the way.

SCENE 36: INT. AXOS - EYE CHAMBER

BREWSTER:

So, the big scary Eye. This is, what, your brain or something?

AXON DOCTOR:

No. Axos is one.

VOICE OF AXOS:

We are Axos.

AXON DOCTOR:

We are all Axos.

BREWSTER:

One Eye, maybe, but you don't seem short of voices. So why d'you need me to speak for you?

VOICE OF AXOS:

The human astronauts can hurt us. The Doctor can hurt us. But Axos is weak.

AXON DOCTOR:

We need time, Thomas Brewster. Time to gather our strength, so we may feed on the humans' spacecraft, and commence our nutrition cycle.

VOICE OF AXOS:

Only then will we have the energy to break free of our space-time prison.

AXON DOCTOR:

The prison the Doctor placed us in.

BREWSTER:

I get you. You want me to hold things up a bit, so you can spring yourselves out of the jug?

AXON DOCTOR:

Hold... things... up. That is correct, Thomas Brewster.

BREWSTER:

Then - what, you'll be gone?

VOICE OF AXOS:

(UNFAMILIAR WITH LYING) Then... we will be gone.

BREWSTER:

Fair dos. What do I get?

VOICE OF AXOS:

We know you, Thomas Brewster. We know what it is you most desire.

BREWSTER:

Oh yeah?

AXON DOCTOR:

There is a substance we call Axonite.

VOICE OF AXOS:

Axonite is the chameleon of the elements. It uses the energy it absorbs, not only to copy but to recreate and restructure any given substance.

BREWSTER:

Like you copied the Doctor-?

AXON DOCTOR:

Our energy levels are too depleted at present to allow for the creation of a perfect replica.

BREWSTER:

'Any given substance', you say? Like, I dunno, a gold sovereign?

AXON DOCTOR:

He means, a numismatic token.

VOICE OF AXOS:

Axonite can be used to duplicate such a token. In unlimited quantity.

BREWSTER:

Well now, sirs - that is a handsome offer. But that ain't what I most desire.

AXON DOCTOR:

We know, Thomas Brewster.

BREWSTER:

Oh, yeah? So what is it, then?

VOICE OF AXOS:

We hold the Doctor's space-time ship.

BREWSTER:

Come on, I wasn't born yesterday. You'll be needing that to break out of chokey.

AXON DOCTOR:

Axonite may be used to replicate a Time Lord. Why not his TARDIS?

BREWSTER:

You're pulling my [leg.]

FX: CUT OFF BY AXOS ALARUMS.

VOICE OF AXOS:

Alert. Alert. Human astronauts have penetrated the heart of Axos.

AXON DOCTOR:

Opening thought window.

FX: MONITOR FLARES INTO LIFE — SEE 'THE CLAWS OF AXOS', EPISODE THREE (THOUGHT EQUATIONS SEQUENCE).

JOANNE:

(ON MONITOR) [Hello. My] name is Joanne Slade. I represent the common good of humanity. I want to talk to Axos! [... Can you hear me? I need to talk to Axos!]

BREWSTER:

I see 'em. The Doctor and old lady Smythe, an' all.

AXON DOCTOR:

Well, Thomas Brewster?

VOICE OF AXOS:

What is your decision?

SCENE 37: INT. AXOS – MAIN CHAMBER

JOANNE:

(CALLING OUT) Hello? Can you hear me? Axos?

EVELYN:

(ASIDE) What is it they're up to, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Playing with fire. (WALKING OVER TO JOANNE) A Universal Arbitrator. Ms Slade, please tell me you're not planning to negotiate with this vampire?

JOANNE:

I'm not negotiating anything.

CRAIG:

It's Mr Irons will be doing the talking.

EVELYN:

I'm sorry-?

JOANNE:

Campbell Irons, CEO of Ironside Industries. The man who bankrolled this mission.

DOCTOR:

Never heard of him.

CRAIG:

He bought out the old British Rocket Group, thirty years ago. He runs his operations out of the former Space Defence Station at Devesham.

DOCTOR:

A pity to see such a noble heritage privatised.

CRAIG:

Mr Irons hopes to extend his sphere of influence far beyond the shores of Britain, or the Euro-zone.

JOANNE:

(WARNING) That's enough, Craig. (ALOUD) Axos? Talk to us, Axos. We wish to make you an offer!

VOICE OF AXOS:

(ALL AROUND) Axos hears you, Joanne Slade.

EVELYN:

(ASIDE, BAFFLED) Well, where did that come from-?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Everywhere. We're inside Axos, remember?

VOICE OF AXOS:

We are Axos. We are all around. We wish to hear your offer. To that end, we have appointed one individual to negotiate on our behalf.

JOANNE:

One individual-? I'm sorry, Axos. Please elaborate. -

FX: BREWSTER PUSHES HIS WAY THROUGH 'CURTAINS' OFF.

DOCTOR:

(GROANS) Oh, no...

BREWSTER:

Surprised, much, Doctor?

VOICE OF AXOS:

His name... is Thomas Brewster.

SCENE 38: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

JOANNE:

(RADIO) David? Come in, please.

DAVID:

Receiving you, Jo. Are we good to go?

JOANNE:

(RADIO) Seems like it. Activate the displacement device. Low level, just enough to get the comms channel through.

FX: BLIPS ON DISPLACEMENT DEVICE KEYPAD, AS BEFORE.

DAVID:

Right, she's warming up.

JOANNE:

(RADIO) Now get Campbell on. Jo out.

DAVID:

(INTO COMMS) This is spaceship Windermere calling Mission Control Devesham. Are you receiving me, Devesham?

MISSION CONTROL (DEVESHAM):

(RADIO) We hear you, David.

DAVID:

Tell Mr Irons - Axos is ready to talk.

SCENE 39: INT. AXOS - MAIN CHAMBER

VOICE OF AXOS:

We detect a communication from Earth. But the time threshold remains intact.

JOANNE:

We're passing information through, not a spacecraft.

EVELYN:

(ASIDE) What 'information'-?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) I think the boss wants a word. The mysterious Mr Campbell Irons.

EVELYN:

(ASIDE) Hello, where's he off to-?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) Sorry, who-?

EVELYN:

(ASIDE) Mr Swanson, sneaking off out the way we came. Do you think we ought to see what he's up to?

DOCTOR:

(ASIDE) I need to be here, to keep an eye on Thomas Brewster. Evelyn, would you mind-?

EVELYN:

(ASIDE) Of course. Don't worry, I shall be very discreet.
(EXITS)

BREWSTER:

Is this going to take much longer?

JOANNE:

No, no, we're running now. Watch the Arbitrator.

FX: A HOLOGRAM OF CAMPBELL IRONS FIZZES INTO LIFE. SPEECH SLIGHTLY BROKEN UP BY STATIC THROUGHOUT, BUT STILL CLEAR.

BREWSTER:

What's that? Looks like a ghost.

JOANNE:

(FX: BUTTONS ON ARBITRATOR) I'm just refining the image.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) [That's] better. Are you receiving me, Axos?

BREWSTER:

Who's that?

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) My name is Campbell Irons. You're viewing a holographic image broadcast from Mission Control, Devesham. I have the honour of addressing Axos?

VOICE OF AXOS:

That is correct, Campbell Irons.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Then who's that with you-?

BREWSTER:

I'm Thomas Brewster. I speak for Axos.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Oh, right. One of your avatars, I presume-?

DOCTOR:

Not exactly.

VOICE OF AXOS:

Continue, Campbell Irons.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Of course. I expect you're wondering why I've gone to all this [trouble -]

VOICE OF AXOS:

Your planet's supply of fossil fuel has been exhausted. You face impending social and economic collapse. Wind, wave and geothermal technology will not meet demand and, although you possess nuclear fission, concerns over security have stalled its development. All this was inevitable.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) The world faces catastrophe. I believe Axon energy can save it.

DOCTOR:

Mr Irons - you must know what happened last time. You can't, surely, trust Axos?

BREWSTER:

Hush there, Doctor. (TO CAMPBELL) What are your terms?

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) There is a prototype microwave transmitter aboard the spaceship Windermere. We will use it to beam energy directly to our receiver on Earth.

AXON DOCTOR:

And if we do not permit this?

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Then I shall cause the miniature nuclear reactor that powers the Windermere to explode.

JOANNE:

What-?!?

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) I've no doubt Axos can absorb the explosion. But since Axos is stuck in a time loop...

DOCTOR:

It'll be stuck in a feeding frenzy, absorbing and reabsorbing the full force of a nuclear blast! Forever!

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Destroying you over and over again, effectively. Sorry, Joanne. No price too high, you knew that.

JOANNE:

You've no sense of shame, have you, Campbell?

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Errr... No.

BREWSTER:

Hang about. Axos will still need to feed, right-?

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) We will allow you to top up your nutrition cycle once every ten years. Contained to a specific geographical area, I should stress. Initially, I'm offering you a strip of Central Africa.

DOCTOR:

What-?!?

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Oh, it'll be very well-managed. We can engineer a cover story to mask what's really happening - war, disease, a natural disaster. No comebacks, no reprisals.

DOCTOR:

Mr Irons, this is monstrous!

JOANNE:

(STAGGERED) This - this wasn't the plan...

BREWSTER:

(ALoud) Well then, Axos -

FX: DIALOGUE CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 40: INT. AXOS - EYE CHAMBER

BREWSTER:

(DISTORTED, VIA THOUGHT WINDOW) ... you've heard what Mr Irons has to say. What do you reckon?

AXON DOCTOR:

Tell the Earthman -

VOICE OF AXOS:

... we will consider his proposal.

BREWSTER:

(D) Right you are.

FX: FUZZING AS THOUGHT WINDOW FADES.

AXON DOCTOR:

We are Axos. We are hungry.

VOICE OF AXOS:

We shall send our roots deep into the Earth below. We shall absorb its every atom. We shall drink it dry.

AXON DOCTOR:

Then we will accept the Earthman's offer?

VOICE OF AXOS:

Yes. And let the feast begin.

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

AXON DOCTOR:

We are Axos. We are hungry.

VOICE OF AXOS:

We shall send our roots deep into the Earth below. We shall absorb its every atom. We shall drink it dry.

AXON DOCTOR:

Then we will accept the Earthman's offer?

VOICE OF AXOS:

Yes. And let the feast begin.

SCENE 41: INT. AXOS - PASSAGEWAY

CRAIG:

(SOTTO, INTO RADIO) ... Un homme appelé le Docteur. Veuillez me conseiller.

LeFEVRE

(RADIO) Nous comprenons. Attendez, s'il vous plait.

CRAIG:

Oui.

FX: RADIO OFF - STATIC.

(BEAT)

CRAIG:

(ALoud) You can come out of hiding now, Dr Smythe.

EVELYN:

(OFF) Oh, dear. I'm so sorry, Mr Swanson - Craig.

CRAIG:

(WALKING OVER) What are you doing here? Were you spying on me-?

EVELYN:

Gracious, no. I - er - I just came out here to stretch my legs, that's all. And when I saw you were deep in an important conversation, I thought I'd best not disturb you.

CRAIG:

(SHIFTY) Yes. I had to check in with Mission Control.

EVELYN:

In French?

CRAIG:

It's a pilot thing. Always handy to have a second language.

EVELYN:

I can imagine. Except I always thought that English was the universal language of aviation. I thought Mexican pilots in Guadalajara spoke English, just like Russian pilots in Moscow or Spanish ones in Madrid. Don't tell me that in this century French has become the – well, *lingua franca*?

CRAIG:

Know a lot of French, do you, Dr Smythe?

EVELYN:

Oh, you know – enough to order a glass of Bordeaux and a bed for the night.

CRAIG:

Well, then – translate this: *Haut les mains!*

EVELYN:

That's easy, 'Hands up!' ... (FX: TASER CHARGING UP.) Oh!

SCENE 42: INT. AXOS - MAIN CHAMBER

DOCTOR:

So what was it Axos offered you, Thomas Brewster? A lifetime's supply of mother's ruin, and all the gold you can eat?

BREWSTER:

That's my business, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

It's business has created this mess. (SNORTS) Clean, green, everlasting energy for all! Was that the dream, Ms Slade?

JOANNE:

That was the idea.

DOCTOR:

Only with this Campbell Irons fellow reaping the rewards. Humankind! You should be pooling your resources to solve your problems, not looking for get-rich-quick schemes. And you certainly shouldn't be resorting to anything as dangerous as Axon energy. This is fool's gold!

BREWSTER:

Yeah, well - you huff and puff as much as you like, Doctor. (FX: EXITING THROUGH CURTAINS) I'll be back soon as Axos has made its decision.

DOCTOR:

Good luck to you, Brewster. (CALLING AFTER HIM) Just remember this - if something seems too good to be true, it almost certainly is!

JOANNE:

He's gone. Doctor - quickly. What do we do now?

DOCTOR:

Oh, now you expect me to clear up this mess-?

JOANNE:

You're the Doctor. You're here to help, you said.

DOCTOR:

Touché. Well, it seems to me Axos is still too weak to attack in [force -]

DAVID:

(RADIO) Jo? Jo, are you there-?

JOANNE:

One moment, Doctor. -

DOCTOR:

Can't it wait-?

JOANNE:

What is it, David-?

DAVID:

(RADIO) I've got a proximity alarm. Another spaceship.

JOANNE:

That's not possible. We're well clear of all standard orbital paths.

DAVID:

(RADIO) Possible or not, it's here!

JOANNE:

Then it's a rogue signal, like the message from the past. -

CRAIG:

(ENTERING FROM OFF, WITH EVELYN AT TASER-POINT) It's not a rogue signal. It's the Eurozone Space Agency shuttle "Jules Verne".

EVELYN:

Please, Mr Swanson, there's no need to push!

DOCTOR:

Evelyn? What's going on-?

DAVID:

(RADIO) (INCREDULOUS) It is! It's the "Jules Verne"! How -

JOANNE:

How did you know that, Craig-?

CRAIG:

Because I called them.

JOANNE:

What-?

EVELYN:

I heard him talking in French. Didn't catch what, but he was awfully jumpy about it.

JOANNE:

I don't understand.

CRAIG:

Oh, Jo. Don't you see-? I never resigned my commission from the RAF.

JOANNE:

You never what?

DOCTOR:

Don't you see, Ms Slade? Craig here is a spy!

EVELYN:

A *British* spy, what's more. James Bond. How marvellous!

CRAIG:

If anyone's going to exploit Axos, it'll be for the benefit of all mankind, not just Campbell Irons.

DOCTOR:

I can't disagree with your global sentiments, Mr Swanson, but still - this is Axos we're talking about!

CRAIG:

Jo, I need you set up the Arbitrator. David, I need you to open a channel to Devesham. I want a word with Campbell Irons!

SCENE 43: INT. BRIDGE OF SPACESHIP JULES VERNE

FX: GENTLE BEEPS OF INSTRUMENTS, HUM OF ENGINES.

LeFEVRE:

This is Eurozone Space Agency shuttle Jules Verne to Geneva control, throttles at stop.

MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA):

Affirmative, Jules Verne. Thank you, Phillippe. Please confirm visuals.

LeFEVRE:

We have a confirmed sighting, repeat confirmed sighting of Axos artefact.

MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA):

Check. Any sign of the Windermere?

NILSON:

Affirmative, control.

MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA):

Status on Axos?

LeFEVRE:

It's not moving.

MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA):

Check that. The shuttle Johannes Kepler will be with you in five hours. If you're not out by then, they have the option to open fire.

LeFEVRE:

Then let's make sure we're out. Ready, Svenni?

NILSON:

Let's do it. Activating displacement device.

FX: BRIEF BURST OF AXON SQUEAL. CROSS TO:

SCENE 44: INT. AXOS - EYE CHAMBER

FX: AXOS ALARUMS.

BREWSTER:

What's happening now-?

VOICE OF AXOS:

(PAINED) Another vessel has breached the time threshold.

AXON DOCTOR:

(PAINED) We are under attack!

FX: ALARUMS CONTINUE INTO:

SCENE 45: INT. AXOS - EYE CHAMBER

FX: ALARUMS DISTANT, IN B/G.

CRAIG:

What's the hold-up? Ms Slade? *Joanne*-?

FX: STATIC FROM ARBITRATOR.

JOANNE:

I can't connect, for some reason -

EVELYN:

Listen. The alarms.

JOANNE:

It's the other ship, disrupting the time threshold about Axos.

DOCTOR:

We have to get to the Windermere, while Axos is affected. While there's still time.

JOANNE:

Why-?

DOCTOR:

In case you've forgotten - your boss had a Plan B, if things didn't work out quite as he wanted?

JOANNE:

The nuclear reactor. Oh no.

DOCTOR:

We need to disable your ship, first and foremost. Come on.

EVELYN:

(TO CRAIG) You too, James Bond.

CRAIG:

No. My mission was to take control of this vessel. I'm standing my ground.

JOANNE:

Craig-!!!

DOCTOR:

Don't argue with him, he's made his choice. (EXITING AT SPEED)
Evelyn, Joanne - with me!!!

FX: THE GIRLS FOLLOW.

SCENE 46: INT. BRIDGE OF SPACESHIP JULES VERNE

FX: PAST AND FUTURE MESSAGES PHASING IN AND OUT, AS BEFORE.

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO DISTORT) This is the spaceship Windermere. Our mission is a success. Axos is safe. Repeat, Axos is made safe.

NILSON:

What is this?

LeFEVRE:

I think we could be picking up transmissions being bounced back through the time threshold. From the future, perhaps.

NILSON:

Saying their mission is a success? That implies – our mission fails, Philippe.

LeFEVRE:

It might mean a different outcome, it might [mean that we-]

FX: RADIO CRACKLES HARSHLY.

ALTERNATIVE TIME LeFEVRE:

(RADIO) This is shuttle Jules Verne! We are under attack! Fuel cells ruptured, we are instigating emergency evacuation!
(SCREAMS) M'aider! M'aider! Arret! (STATIC)

NILSON:

That was your voice.

LeFEVRE:

Yes.

NILSON:

From the future?

LeFEVRE:

Oui. A possible future only. You OK?

NILSON:

No. But we keep going, see what happens. Visors down.

LeFEVRE:

Check.

FX: ENGINES BURN.

SCENE 47: INT. AXOS - MOUTH AREA/INT. DOCKING TUNNEL

FX: DOCTOR, JO, EVELYN RUNNING INTO MOUTH AREA. TENDRILS FLICKERING INTO LIFE AROUND THEM.

DAVID:

(RADIO) Jo! Status please!

JOANNE:

(RUNNING) Running like the clappers in your direction!

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) Axos is coming round. (STOPPING, WARNING) Evelyn - tendrils!

FX: THWACK AS TENDRIL MISSES EVELYN.

EVELYN:

Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

The more Axos wakes up, the more lively they'll get. At least we don't have Axonoids after us. Yet.

EVELYN:

Axonoids?

DOCTOR:

Well, I don't know what else to call them. Like walking compost heaps powered by mains electricity.

JOANNE:

Come on, you two! (RUNNING, INTO COMMS) Craig, we're approaching the docking tunnel. Get ready to seal us in!

FX: THEY RUN ON INTO THE DOCKING TUNNEL.

SCENE 48: INT. AXOS – MAIN CHAMBER

CAMPBELL:

Axos calling Devesham, come in please.

CAMPBELL:

(RADIO) ... Craig? What's the situation? Has Axos [agreed-]

CRAIG:

The situation is, Mr Irons – this vessel is now under the control of the Eurozone Space Agency, working in tandem with the RAF.

CAMPBELL:

(RADIO) (LAUGHING) What-?

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 49: INT. MISSION CONTROL (DEVESHAM)

CAMPBELL:

What are you talking about-? [Craig-?]

CRAIG:

(RADIO) You heard me, Mr Irons. Consider yourself under arrest. All I have to do is give the signal, and – Oh my [God-]

FX: OVER RADIO, WHIPPING OF TENDRILS – CRAIG HIT BY EXPLOSIVE AXON CHARGE, AS PER 'CLAWS OF AXOS'.

CRAIG:

(RADIO) (SCREAMS, DIES)

CAMPBELL:

What signal-? Craig, I don't understand. What's going on-?

SCENE 50: INT. AXOS - EYE CHAMBER

FX: ALIEN GURGLES AND AXON HEARTBEAT.

VOICE OF AXOS:

The human known as 'Craig Swanson' has been absorbed.

BREWSTER:

Well, what do you want to go and do that for?

AXON DOCTOR:

For... nutrition. We must possess the spaceship Windermere, so the feeding cycle may begin.

BREWSTER:

So he was what? A pick-me-up?

VOICE OF AXOS:

We do not understand.

BREWSTER:

I mean, is it me next?

VOICE OF AXOS:

Not while you remain useful to us.

BREWSTER:

Well, that's me told. -

AXON DOCTOR:

Hold him. He means to run.

FX: FLUTTERING OF TENDRILS.

BREWSTER:

Me, run? Never - (GRABBED BY TENDRILS) Gaah! Get these 'sillier' things off me!

AXON DOCTOR:

The Doctor had such hopes for you, Thomas Brewster. But you disappointed him. He distrusts you. We distrust you, too.

BREWSTER:

Nice.

SCENE 51: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

FX: JO, DOCTOR, EVELYN RUSHING IN.

DAVID:

Welcome to the Windermere.

EVELYN:

(STOPPING FOR BREATH) At last. A chance for a sit-down. (SITS)

JOANNE:

Doctor, Evelyn - David Brock. David - Evelyn, and the great Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Pleased to meet you, Mr Brock. Do you know, Evelyn, I think I might join you. (SITS)

JOANNE:

David? You OK?

DAVID:

Do you want the bad news, or the bad news?

EVELYN:

You mean, it gets worse-?

DAVID:

I've checked the nuclear reactor. It's booby-trapped. Break the seals and - boom.

JOANNE:

Doctor? That sounds like your department.

DOCTOR:

Well, if I still had my sonic screwdriver...

JOANNE:

You don't?

DOCTOR:

It's on my 'to do' list. Come to think of it, it has been for a rather long time...

JOANNE:

What else? David?

DAVID:

Craig's dead. I heard it over the comms.

DOCTOR:

Oh, no-!

JOANNE:

Exactly. He was a good man.

DOCTOR:

Well, of course he was, but that's not the point. You have external cameras, Mr Brock?

DAVID:

Yeah, why?

DOCTOR:

Show me the hull of this ship.

FX: CAMERAS ACTIVATED. SOUNDS OF MASSING TENDRILS OVER SCANNER.

JOANNE:

My God. What is that?

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid Mr Swanson's absorption will have given Axos something of a boost. Axos is wrapping its claws around the Windermere. There's no way we can leave in this ship.

JOANNE:

Maybe if we gave it a blast, with the reverse thrusters –

DOCTOR:

You might as well give it an isotonic drink and a couple of glucose tablets. Oh, this is hopeless. Any minute now, they'll be trying to get aboard.

EVELYN:

Well, what are our options?

DOCTOR:

We don't have any options. But I do have a plan. I can't see it being particularly popular, but I can see it working.

JOANNE:

What is it, then?

DOCTOR:

We abandon the Windermere, and evacuate everyone to the TARDIS.

JOANNE:

What?

DOCTOR:

Once inside the TARDIS, I can lock Axos into a more robust temporal orbit, and transport the wretched thing to a long-dead and very distant galaxy.

DAVID:

Why not just kill it?

DOCTOR:

Yes. And why not find some spiders to pull the legs off as well?

DAVID:

Sorry?

DOCTOR:

It's a living being, Mr Brock. A sentient creature. Not a particularly pleasant one, I admit – one that's taken the concept of "parasite" to a whole new level, in fact – but that doesn't give us the right to snuff it out because it happens to be a nuisance.

EVELYN:

Doctor, you said this thing could devour the Earth. Bit more than a nuisance.

DOCTOR:

Evelyn, even in your time there are creatures that would happily have you for lunch, but deserve your respect nonetheless.

DAVID:

Your ship, the TARDIS, where is it exactly?

DOCTOR:

Ah. This is the unpopular part. We can't get to it through the inside of Axos, not now Axos is on the move. I suggest we leave the Windermere and make our way around the outside of Axos.

EVELYN:

You mean spacewalk?

JOANNE:

We don't actually call it that. E.V.A.

DOCTOR:

We can gain access to Axos by cutting a hole in the outer membrane. From there we can get to the TARDIS.

EVELYN:

What about Thomas?

DOCTOR:

Yes, well – when we cut a hole, the internal atmosphere will vent through the aperture and he may be expelled into space.

EVELYN:

Well, that settles it then. We can't risk it.

JOANNE:

It's one person, Dr Smythe. Against everyone on the Earth below.

EVELYN:

But still a person! Doctor, surely you can't be considering this? You'll kill Thomas! Doctor!!!

SCENE 52: INT. AXOS - EYE CHAMBER

FX: RUSTLING TENDRILS.

BREWSTER:

(HELD BY TENDRILS) So why is it I'm still alive, if you don't trust me?

VOICE OF AXOS:

You are more useful to us as a hostage.

AXON DOCTOR:

A human shield.

BREWSTER:

Yeah, but you could just copy me, like you did the Doctor.

AXON DOCTOR:

We are still weak. A perfect replication of your form would use up valuable energy.

BREWSTER:

True. I just wish I shared your conviction that the Doctor gives a fig for me.

VOICE OF AXOS:

We have assimilated Craig Swanson's communications device. The humans are unaware of it, but we may easily learn their intentions.

FX: VIA THE THOUGHT WINDOW, WE HEAR THE CLOSING MOMENTS OF THE PREVIOUS SCENE, DISTORTED.

JOANNE:

[It's] one person, Dr Smythe. Against everyone on the Earth below.

EVELYN:

But still a person! Doctor, surely you can't be considering this? You'll kill Thomas! Doctor!!!

BREWSTER:

You what-?

DIALOGUE FROM WINDERMERE CONTINUES:

SCENE 53: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

EVELYN:

You'd really do it? You'd let Thomas Brewster die?

DOCTOR:

No, of course not. We have to find some way of getting into Axos without Thomas being sucked outside when the pressure drops.

EVELYN:

And what if you can't-?

DOCTOR:

If there was any other way, don't you think I'd take it? Evelyn, I promise you I will do everything I can. If we don't act now, then in a matter of hours not only will we be dead, but most assuredly will Thomas be too. This is not just our only chance. It's his only chance, too. Are you with me?

EVELYN:

When all this is over, you forgive Thomas, and you take him home.

DOCTOR:

Agreed.

EVELYN:

Then I'm with you.

DOCTOR:

Right, then - our E.V.A. awaits.

EVELYN:

(SARCASTIC) Marvellous.

SCENE 54: INT. AXOS - EYE CHAMBER

EVELYN'S VOICE PLAYING FROM PREVIOUS SCENE.

EVELYN:

You'd really do it? You'd let Thomas Brewster die?

VOICE OF AXOS:

Cease transmission.

AXON DOCTOR:

You were correct, Thomas Brewster. The Doctor does not... 'give a fig' for you.

BREWSTER:

Seems like it. Seems like I've just talked myself out of living, too.

VOICE OF AXOS:

No. Release the tendrils.

FX: TENDRILS WITHDRAW. BREWSTER FREED.

BREWSTER:

I'm free? You ain't gonna absorb me-?

AXON DOCTOR:

We could not trust you before, Thomas Brewster. We did not believe that, when the time came, you were sure to betray the Doctor.

BREWSTER:

Maybe. But now I've heard what he really thinks of me, now you can trust me - is that what you think-?

VOICE OF AXOS:

Yes.

BREWSTER:

Well, you've got that right.

AXON DOCTOR:

You have made a wise decision, Thomas Brewster.

BREWSTER:

Axos, you're a gent. (BEAT) So - what's the plan?

VOICE OF AXOS:

We must take the spaceship Windermere. But to do so -

AXON DOCTOR:

We need more Axon units. Axon units - assemble.

FX: 'AXONIDS' EMERGING FROM WALL. ENERGY CRACKLES. 'GROWLING'
AS IN FIRST MOMENTS OF 'CLAWS OF AXOS' EPISODE 1.

BREWSTER:

What are those things? They're disgusting.

AXON DOCTOR:

They are Axon. Our natural form.

BREWSTER:

Blimey. And I thought you looking like the Doctor was bad.

SCENE 55: INT. CARGO HOLD OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

FX: FADE UP. ELECTRICAL THUDS AND CRACKLES AGAINST THE HULL OF THE WINDERMERE – AXONIDS AND TENDRILS TRYING TO GET IN.

EVELYN:

What's that sound? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Axos is trying to breach the hull of the Windermere.

JOANNE:

David, is the docking tunnel secure?

DAVID:

Not for much longer, by the sounds of it.

DOCTOR:

Right then, everyone – helmet visors down.

FX: 4 x HELMET CLICKS, CLUNKS IN SUCCESSION. SUIT MICS FROM HERE ON.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Is everyone secured?

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) Check.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Oh, er – 'Check'.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) I'm quite capable of securing a helmet visor, Ms Slade.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) I'll take that as 'Check'. David – open the cargo bay doors.

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) Roger.

FX: HYDRAULIC DOORS OPENING. AMBIENCE CHANGES – EMPTY SPACE ABOVE.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) 'Roger'. Please, spare me any more of this jargon!

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) What now? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Take the line. I'll be tethered at the far end. Evelyn, you next, then Jo. Mr Brock, you're last. Whatever you do, don't disconnect yourself from the Windermere until we're attached to the surface of Axos. (BEAT) Mr Brock?

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) I'd roger that, but I thought you wanted to be spared the jargon?

FX: SUDDEN BANG, SPARKS FROM OUTSIDE - THE AXONIDS COMING THROUGH THE DOCKING TUNNEL.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) The docking tunnel! Doctor, the tendrils are breaking through!

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Hold my hand, Evelyn, here we go. One, two, three - jump!

FX: ALL FOUR JUMP INTO SPACE.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Whoaaaaa-!

CONTINUES DIRECTLY INTO:

SCENE 56: EXT. SPACE — HULL OF WINDERMERE/SURFACE OF AXOS

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Oh my goodness! We're in space. We're actually in space!

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Evelyn, look at me! That's it, look at me. Joanne, wait until we're on the surface of Axos, then kick off and follow.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Roger that.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) This is madness. I'm walking, in space! Wheeee-!

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Yes. Axos surface coming up now, Evelyn, rather sooner than I'd hoped. Try to find something to grab onto, a break in the skin.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Oh, just look at the Earth. It's so beautiful. So blue. And white. Like marbled paper. There! I can see Africa!

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Focus, Evelyn. Get ready for impact...

FX: THEY BUMP INTO AXOS WITH A SIGH AND A HEAVY THUD.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) (WINDED) Ooof!

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Quick, find something to hold onto, before we drift away again.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) I'm trying, it's like trying to grab hold of an omelette...

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Here, some tissue scarred by meteorite impacts. Now, Evelyn, pull yourself along the surface towards me.

FX: SHE DOES.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Hard to do anything in these gloves, isn't it?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Jo? We're ready when you are.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Coming over now.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) We need to make our way round to the far side of Axos. Try not to spend too much time Earthgazing.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) I'm sorry. It's just - I should be marking students' essays, not floating above the world like that chap in the David Bowie song. Why haven't we done this before, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Do you know, I'm not actually what you'd call a fan.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Of David Bowie?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) No. Of space walking.

FX: JOANNE THUDS INTO THE SURFACE, BESIDE THEM.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Made it!

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Now keep going! Remember Newton's third Law - if you try to move anything you'll only end up moving yourselves. Keep your eyes on the person in front, pull yourself hand over hand and try not to think about quite how far down it is to Earth.

SCENE 57: INT. BRIDGE OF SPACESHIP JULES VERNE

FX: HUM OF ENGINES, INSTRUMENT PINGS.

LeFEVRE:

Jules Verne to Geneva.

MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA):

(RADIO) We hear you, Philippe. Over.

NILSON:

Any further word from Squadron Leader Swanson?

MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA):

(RADIO) One transmission saying he was on Axos and had made contact, and then nothing.

LeFEVRE:

Thank you, Geneva. LeFevre out.

SCENE 58: INT. AXOS - MAIN CHAMBER

FX: AXOS POWERING UP.

BREWSTER:

(FX: WALKING IN, PUSHING THROUGH 'CURTAINS') Is it me, or is it getting brighter?

AXON DOCTOR:

(FOLLOWING) It is.

VOICE OF AXOS:

(ALL AROUND) We have sunk our roots into the spaceship Windermere. We are absorbing its power.

BREWSTER:

(STOPPING) Right. So why are we back here?

AXON DOCTOR:

We have returned to the heart of Axos to conclude our business with Campbell Irons. Please, Thomas Brewster - activate the Arbitrator.

BREWSTER:

What, like this-?

FX: ACTIVATING ARBITRATOR.

AXON DOCTOR:

Good.

VOICE OF AXOS:

(INTO ARBITRATOR) Axos calling Earth. Repeat, Axos calling Earth.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Earth receiving. What, er - what happened to Craig?

VOICE OF AXOS:

We do not believe you care.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Not really, no. (BEAT) So. Had time to think?

VOICE OF AXOS:

We have.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) And?

VOICE OF AXOS:

We accept.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Excellent. Knew you'd see sense!

VOICE OF AXOS:

We accept your offer of life and energy. We have taken possession of your microwave transmitter. The means by which you intend to beam Axon energy to Earth.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Well, there we are then. I've got some champagne on ice, maybe you'd care to join me in a toast?

VOICE OF AXOS:

Using Axonite, we have modified your transmitter. We have.. improved it.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Even better. So then - (FX: POPS CHAMPAGNE CORK) To a new era of energy! And, of course, the start of a long and fruitful partnership.

VOICE OF AXOS:

Now, we shall operate the device.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Whoa there, Axos - we're not ready!

VOICE OF AXOS:

You do not need to be.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) I'm sorry-?

VOICE OF AXOS:

Axonite is the chameleon of the elements. The modification has transformed your transmitter.. into a receiver.

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) (FX: A DULL WHINE IN B/G, GROWING EVER LOUDER, AS AXOS EXTRACTS ENERGY FROM DEVESHAM. CONTINUES THROUGH:) I don't follow. Axos-? Put Joanne on. Put Joanne Slade on!

VOICE OF AXOS:

You sought to feed off Axos, Campbell Irons...

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Something's happening. There's something in the air, something like static - (FX: EXPLOSIONS, SPARKS OFF) What-? What was that-?

VOICE OF AXOS:

Now Axos feeds off you. To a new era of energy!

FX: AS THE WHINE AT DEVESHAM REACHES A CRESCENDO:

CAMPBELL:

(HOLOGRAPHIC; DISTORT) Whatever you're doing up there, please - stop! My head! My head feels like - like it's [exploding!]

FX: CUT TO STATIC.

BEAT.

BREWSTER:

What - what did you do to them-?

AXON DOCTOR:

We have extracted their energy. We have absorbed their Mission Control. Now - the Nutrition Cycle begins!

SCENE 59: EXT. SPACE – SURFACE OF AXOS

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) How are we doing? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) I've found a way in. Well, I say "way in", but it isn't really a way in at all.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) What, then?

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) It's more of a way out. Like a blow hole. A pore in the skin.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Exactly, Mr Brock.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) And that's how we're getting in?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Hopefully. Joanne, can you come about with that taser-?

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Here you are. Whoa, upside down again. Each time that happens, I get a little reminder of what I had for breakfast.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Don't think about it, just target the taser at the blow-hole. I'm hoping if we shock it, we might cause the muscle to go into spasm. All set?

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) All set.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Go.

FX: FIRES TAZER. IMPACT OF AXOS. ELECTRICAL CRACKLE.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Well. Any joy?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Evelyn, stay back! If it vents pressurised atmosphere it'll knock you for six.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) No. No good.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) It opened, but it closed up again. This isn't going to work.

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) So now what?

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) I don't know if anyone's interested, but I can see lights.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Where?

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) There. Look, lights. Coming towards us.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) It's another spaceship!

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Of course! The *Jules Verne*!

SCENE 60: INT. AXOS - MAIN CHAMBER

FX: AXOS ALARUMS KICK IN.

VOICE OF AXOS:

Alert. Alert. The second human vessel is now approaching Axos.

SCENE 61: INT. BRIDGE OF SPACESHIP JULES VERNE

NILSON:

Axos coming up ahead, Philippe. Cut thrust.

LeFEVRE:

Ugly, is it not?

MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA):

(RADIO) Geneva to Jules Verne.

NILSON:

Go ahead, Geneva.

MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA):

(RADIO) We have some news for you. The Ironside Industries space centre in Devesham has been destroyed.

NILSON:

Destroyed? How-?

MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA):

(RADIO) Reports say it has been reduced to dust, but not by an explosion. By – by an implosion. Simultaneous with this, we detected an energy spike from Axos.

LeFEVRE:

So – the crew of the unauthorised British spacecraft, they will now be without ground support?

MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA):

(RADIO) They may not even be aware that they are now alone, and the subject of an international crime investigation.

NILSON:

Philippe! I see it! The British spacecraft!

LeFEVRE:

Control – the spaceship Windermere is attached to Axos. It is smothered in – what are they, creepers?

NILSON:

We can also make out spationauts on the exterior fabric of Axos. Repeat, there are people on the exterior of the artefact.

MISSION CONTROL (GENEVA):

(RADIO) Any identification possible?

LeFEVRE:

They seem to be wearing a variety of pressure suits. Two are standard B.S.P. design, but the other two I don't recognise.

NILSON:

Switching to broad scan emergency frequency. See if we can get them to talk to us -

DOCTOR:

(RADIO) Well about time. We've been sitting around here wondering when you were going to say hello.

NILSON:

This is the Eurozone Space Agency shuttle Jules Verne. Please identify yourselves.

DOCTOR:

(RADIO) I'm the Doctor, this is my friend Evelyn Smythe.

EVELYN:

(RADIO) Hello.

DOCTOR:

(RADIO) And as you can probably see, there are two British astronauts stuck here with us. Don't suppose there's any chance of a lift, [- is there?]

FX: THE DOCTOR'S VOICE CRACKLES AND ABRUPTLY CUTS.

LeFEVRE:

Pardon, but I am losing your signal. Please repeat, over? Shuttle Jules Verne to spationaut Doctor on surface of Axos, respond please.

FX: CRACKLE.

SCENE 62: EXT. SPACE — SURFACE OF AXOS

FX: RADIO NOT WORKING, DESPITE REPEATED ATTEMPTS.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Radio's gone dead. That's odd.

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) I can hear you fine.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Me too. Maybe the problem's at their end?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) There they are. They're still coming towards us. Try waving. "Hello!"

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Look, their cargo bay's open. What are they doing?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) I rather think they intend to get us inside.

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) Yeah, they're extending the cargo arm now. Here it comes.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Mister Brock, can you see anything to attach yourself onto?

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) Looks like foot restraints on the end there. I've used one before.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Right. We should probably carefully unclip ourselves, grab onto it and have a word with them once we're inside their ship. I'm sure they're very pleasant people, willing to listen to reasoned argument.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Doctor, our mission here is a legitimate claim on Axon resources.

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) Alright, Jo.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) What?

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) Just leave it.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) They can't stop us. This is free enterprise, it's a human right.

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) But what if they don't see it that way? What do we do then? Fight?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) David's right. Your best bet right now is to cooperate. Now, whatever happens, keep yourselves hooked onto the line until we're ready. We don't want anyone floating off. Ready, Evelyn?

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Oh dear.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Oh dear what?

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) I unhooked myself when you said we were going over. Just then. I thought it was an instruction.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Well - hook yourself back onto Axos again, quickly.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Trouble is... (EFFORT) ... I can't quite reach it.

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) Here let me.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) It's silly, it's only a couple of inches away. Maybe if turn this way -

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) No! Whatever you do, stay perfectly still!

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Evelyn, stop! Stop, please.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) But I'm only a couple of inches away from the line, (EFFORT) I'm sure I can... (BEAT) Oh. It's more like six inches now.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Evelyn, don't move. Whatever happens, don't move a muscle. Remember, Newton's third law!

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) But it's no more than a foot away. Surely you can just jump and get me?

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) Hold the line, Jo. I'm going to push off and grab her. Ready? Here we go.

FX: DAVID KICKS HIMSELF INTO SPACE.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Oh! Missed you!

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) It's too late. We've lost her.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) What are you talking about, I'm still here. Not two feet away from you.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Here. I'm unhooking too. Daisy chain. Jo, stay attached to Axos. You hold David, I'll hold him. You ready?

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Doctor, she's too far out. The safety line is already stretched as far as it'll go. You'll never reach her.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Well of course I will.

FX: DOCTOR FIDDLING WITH SPACESUIT.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) What are you doing?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Unhooking myself from the safety line and... detaching my oxygen supply. I can use it to propel myself. Push equals shove!

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) And then what? You'll both go floating off together.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) In which case, get the Jules Verne over there to pick us up.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) It's not 'over there' any more.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) What-? Well, where's it gone?

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Doesn't matter now. I have to save Evelyn!

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) Even if you reach her, Doctor, it'd be suicide. By the time the Jules Verne comes round again, you'll already be miles away, in a new orbit. You'll qualify as a couple of extra moons.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) I can hear, you know!

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Never mind them, Evelyn. Concentrate on me. Concentrate on my voice.

FX: EVELYN FAINT, GROWING STEADILY FAINTER AS SHE DRIFTS OUT OF RANGE.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) How far away from you all am I now? Twenty feet? Thirty? I can't seem to judge the distance any more.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Evelyn. Please, stay very still, any additional motion might cause you to accelerate. I'll be with you as soon as I can.

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) Doctor. You have to let her go.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Don't be ridiculous.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) They're right, Doctor. It's too late for me now. You look after yourselves.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Evelyn, I'll find you, do you hear me? I'll find you, and I'll bring you back.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Don't worry, Doctor. It's not your fault. Silly, idiotic woman, messing around in space like Barbarella. At my age. Goodbye, Doctor. My dear, dear [Doctor -]

FX: HER SUIT MIC CUTS OUT AS SHE GOES OUT OF RANGE. STATIC.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Evelyn. Evelyn!!!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

REPRISE:

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Evelyn, I'll find you, do you hear me? I'll find you, and I'll bring you back.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Don't worry, Doctor. It's not your fault. Silly, idiotic woman, messing around in space like Barbarella. At my age. Goodbye, Doctor. My dear, dear [Doctor –]

FX: HER SUIT MIC CUTS OUT AS SHE GOES OUT OF RANGE. STATIC.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) Evelyn. Evelyn!!!

SCENE 63: EVELYN'S POV – INSIDE SPACESUIT

FX: EVELYN DRIFTING IN SPACE.

EVELYN:

Look. I can see The British Isles. "England. With all thy faults I love thee still." I remember learning that at school. Funny what pops into one's head sometimes.

PAST EVELYN:

(IN HER OWN RADIO) ["With] all thy faults, I love thee still."

EVELYN:

Hello, is there an echo in here-?

PAST EVELYN:

(IN HER OWN RADIO) Funny what pops into one's head [sometimes.]

EVELYN:

This is most peculiar!

SCENE 64: EXT. SPACE — SURFACE OF AXOS

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) She's gone. I can't see her. Oh, Evelyn.

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) I'm sorry, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) I'll get her back. She has enough oxygen to last for a while yet.

FX: HUM OF THE MICROWAVE RECEIVER FROM OFF.

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) Look! On the Windermere!

JOANNE:

(SUIT MIC) The microwave transmitter! Someone's activated the microwave transmitter!

DOCTOR:

(SUIT MIC) It's not transmitting. It's receiving! Axos is using the beam as a weapon.

DAVID:

(SUIT MIC) Yes, and it's targeted at the Jules Verne!

SCENE 65: EVELYN'S POV - INSIDE SPACESUIT

FX: MESSAGES FROM THE PAST AND FUTURE FUZZING IN AND OUT INSIDE EVELYN'S HELMET.

ALTERNATIVE TIME LeFEVRE:

(RADIO) This is shuttle Jules Verne! We are under attack!

EVELYN:

What? Oh, the other spaceship. What's Axos doing to it?

ALTERNATIVE TIME LeFEVRE:

(RADIO) Fuel cells empty, emergency back-up on ten per-cent. Hydraulics not responding, no telemetry readout. We are instigating emergency evacuation! (SCREAMS) M'aider! M'aider! Arret!

EVELYN:

All that energy pouring out. Pretty lights, like the *aurora borealis*. Those poor people [inside.] - (BLINKS) - Well, hold on a moment, where's it gone-? (BEAT) I must be seeing things. Oh, Doctor, it's getting cold. So cold...

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO) This is the spaceship Windermere. Our mission is a success. Axos is safe. Repeat, Axos is made safe.

EVELYN:

No, don't go. Can you hear me?

PAST LeFEVRE:

(RADIO) This is shuttle Jules Verne! We are under [attack!]

PAST EVELYN:

(IN HER OWN RADIO) Funny what pops into one's head [sometimes.]

EVELYN:

I know what this is! It's the time loop! I must have floated to the edge of the time loop. I'm hearing echoes from the past and the future. Which means... Oh, I don't know what it means. I need the Doctor.

SCENE 66: INT. AXOS - GILLS

FX: WE'RE ON THE INSIDE OF AXOS' GILLS. HEAVY MEAT 'CURTAINS' SHIFTING IN AND OUT AS AXOS 'BREATHES'.

FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, HEAVY BREATHING EFFORT FROM DOCTOR, JO AND DAVID AS THE CLAMBER THROUGH.

DOCTOR:

Nearly there, Jo. Come on.

JOANNE:

Pull, will you!

DOCTOR:

I am pulling -

FX: WITH A POPPING SOUND, JO AND DAVID TUMBLE THROUGH THE GILLS. LANDING HEAVILY.

DAVID:

Well, where are we now?

DOCTOR:

On the inside of Axos's gills.

JOANNE:

Gills?

DOCTOR:

It's a living organism, it has to breathe. In space, however - (FX: RAISES HELMET VISOR) (DEEP BREATH) ... the gills give Axos its very own airlock. Oh, that's better.

DAVID:

(FX: RAISES HELMET VISOR) It's safe. We can breathe! That's incredible!

DOCTOR:

You too, Jo. Jo-?

JOANNE:

Sorry. (FX: RAISES VISOR) Doctor, the Jules Verne. What happened to the Jules Verne-?

DOCTOR:

Hmm? Oh. Absorbed by Axos, I'm afraid.

JOANNE:

What, you didn't see-?

DAVID:

See what?

JOANNE:

It disappeared. I saw it. It was under attack, and then it – well, it just winked out of existence.

DAVID:

It disappeared before, when the arm was coming out.

DOCTOR:

Time phenomena. Ghosts from the past, and the future. Only to be expected on the edge of a time loop.

SCENE 67: EVELYN'S POV – INSIDE SPACESUIT

FX: MESSAGES FROM THE PAST AND FUTURE FUZZING IN AND OUT INSIDE EVELYN'S HELMET.

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO) This is the spaceship Windermere. Our mission is a success. Axos is safe. Repeat, Axos is made safe.

EVELYN:

I wish there was some way of turning this thing off, it's getting very repetitive.

LeFEVRE:

(RADIO – SUDDENLY VERY CLEAR AND QUITE LOUD) This is the Eurozone shuttle Jules Verne to unidentified spationaut, respond please.

EVELYN:

What? Oh my goodness. I can see you! Where did you spring from?

LeFEVRE:

(RADIO) I think we ask you this, no?

EVELYN:

You don't understand. I saw your ship destroyed not ten minutes ago.

LeFEVRE:

(RADIO) We have only just passed through the time threshold. I repeat, who are you?

EVELYN:

I'm Dr Evelyn Smythe. And I'm jolly glad to see you!

SCENE 68: INT. AXOS - PASSAGEWAY

FX: RUMBLE THROUGH SHIP.

JOANNE:

(WALKING) What was that?

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) We're moving. Axos must be using up its energy reserves to try to escape from the time barrier.

DAVID:

(WALKING) The Windermere is still attached to the hull of Axos.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) In which case, it's coming with us. (STOPPING) The question is - how does Axos intend to cross the time threshold? You used an alien displacement device, but it's not compatible with Axos's biology.

DAVID:

Perhaps it's found another way out.

DOCTOR:

Impossible. I mean, Axos is clever, but a time loop is a Time Lord weapon. It'd need help..

JOANNE:

Your friend, Thomas Brewster. Could he have helped them?

DOCTOR:

(SNORTS) I doubt it. Traversing a time threshold is way beyond his abilities.

DAVID:

Someone else, then. Someone like yourself?

DOCTOR:

Another Time Lord? I wouldn't have thought so. (A THOUGHT) Unless...

DAVID:

What?

DOCTOR:

Unless they replicated *me*! That's it, of course! Axos captured me, earlier. It must have realised I was worth far more to it than mere nutrition, and made a copy of me. The drain on its resources would have been huge.

JOANNE:

Huge? Why?

DOCTOR:

No offence, but my mind and physiology are so far beyond a human's, it's like comparing a parsley pig to the Hanging Gardens of Babylon.

DAVID:

You're too modest.

DOCTOR:

Somewhere on this vessel is an Axon construct, with my memories, my knowledge, my abilities. And if gains possession of the TARDIS – Axos could infect the time stream itself!

SCENE 69: INT. AXOS - EYE CHAMBER

VOICE OF AXOS:

There are intruders in Axos.

BREWSTER:

How can you tell?

VOICE OF AXOS:

I am Axos. I surround them.

AXON DOCTOR:

It is the Doctor. I can sense his mind. It burns with intelligence and cunning.

VICE OF AXOS:

We must have the Doctor's machine. His TARDIS.

AXON DOCTOR:

It has evolved since we last encountered it. Last time, it was a shivering thing, cowering from the Time Lords' cruelty. Now it is strong, regenerated.

BREWSTER:

And you could fly it? Go anywhere you wanted?

AXON DOCTOR:

Yes. Are we not the Doctor now?

SCENE 70: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP JULES VERNE

FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Er, hello-?

NILSON:

Dr Smythe. Please, come in. The flight deck is pressurised. You may lift your visor?

EVELYN:

(SUIT MIC) Oh! Of course. (LIFTING VISOR - MIC OFF) Sorry, I'm a little discombobulated, after my lift on your cargo arm. I say, what a tidy ship. It's like what submarines would look like if they were designed by Scandinavians. Clean lines. Good storage.

LeFEVRE:

(BEMUSED) I thank you. Commandant Philippe LeFevre, spationaut.

NILSON:

Orlogskaptein Svenni Nilson, romfarer. At your service, Ms Smythe.

EVELYN:

Enchanté. I don't suppose you have a cup of tea?

LeFEVRE:

This is a spaceship.

EVELYN:

Oh well, one lives in hope.

NILSON:

We do have some brandy, however.

EVELYN:

Isn't alcohol forbidden up here?

LeFEVRE:

Oui.

EVELYN:

Nevertheless, it's a little early in the morning for me.

NILSON:

Tell us, Dr Smythe. Your friend, the Doctor. He is the Doctor, is he not?

EVELYN:

(WARY) He might be.

LeFEVRE:

TARDIS, UNIT, the Master – that Doctor?

EVELYN:

You seem remarkably well-informed, Monsieur LeFevre.

LeFEVRE:

We have been in contact with Geneva. We know the history of Axos. It was not hard to work out.

EVELYN:

I must say – this makes a change from having to convince people that I'm not a spy, or a saboteur!

LeFEVRE:

Non. You are an ordinary woman with no special training, no qualification for space warfare - and who exists outside of international law.

NILSON:

Whereas we represent untold trillions of Euromarks of Eurozone investment and training, backed up by the combined armed forces of the governments of twenty-five countries.

LeFEVRE:

And as such we are entirely at your disposal, Madame.

NILSON:

Where would you like us to start?

EVELYN:

I say.

SCENE 71: INT. AXOS - EYE CHAMBER

FX: AXOS ALARUMS.

VOICE OF AXOS:

Alert. Alert. Spaceship Jules Verne now in range of microwave receiver.

AXON DOCTOR:

Then we must feed. Thomas Brewster, you will communicate with this vessel.

BREWSTER:

Look, I don't want no-one hurt -

AXON DOCTOR:

If Axos cannot feed on the Jules Verne -

VOICE OF AXOS:

... Axos shall feed on you.

SCENE 72: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP JULES VERNE

BREWSTER:

(RADIO) Axos calling spaceship Jules Verne. Over.

EVELYN:

What was that-?

LeFEVRE:

Quiet, please. (RADIO) This is Eurozone Space Agency shuttle Jules Verne, operating under the authority of the Eurozone Space agency. Please state your identity. Over.

BREWSTER:

(RADIO) This is astronaut Thomas Brewster calling. I'm on Axos. We thought it was alive, but it's not. Fact is, it's as dead as a doornail. We're stuck here.

LeFEVRE:

What is the status of your ship?

BREWSTER:

(RADIO) Yeah, the ship. The - um - the engine's blown a gasket.

LeFEVRE:

You're sure Axos is dormant? Repeat, is Axos in a dormant state?

BREWSTER:

(RADIO) Dead as a five day floater in the Thames.

LeFEVRE:

Repeat that please?

BREWSTER:

(RADIO) It's dead, yes. You can dock at the front. See the funnel-shaped area? Head for that, then drift in slow as you can.

EVELYN:

Phillipe, give me the comms. (INTO RADIO) Would that be directly in range of the Windermere's microwave receiver, astronaut Brewster?

BREWSTER:

(RADIO) I don't... Evelyn? Evelyn, is that you?

EVELYN:

And if you thinking of luring us to our doom, you've got another think coming! You should be ashamed of yourself, Thomas Brewster.

VOICE OF AXOS:

(OFF) (RADIO) Cease transmission! -

FX: RADIO CUTS TO STATIC.

EVELYN:

Well. That told *him*.

SCENE 73: INT. AXOS – EYE CHAMBER

VOICE OF AXOS:

You have failed us, Thomas Brewster!

AXON DOCTOR:

You will be absorbed into Axos!

BREWSTER:

No, no – please! I weren't to know old Mother Hubbard was aboard. It weren't my fault! (DESPERATE) The TARDIS. The Doctor's TARDIS. What if I could get you inside? What would that be worth to you?

AXON DOCTOR:

That would be worth the price of the universe.

BREWSTER:

Hang about – you should have the key. You copied the Doctor, you'll have copied the key!

VOICE OF AXOS:

The key was – complicated. It is no ordinary key.

BREWSTER:

Well then, best I get you the real one.

VOICE OF AXOS:

You will bring us the key.

BREWSTER:

And in return, you'll give up on your plan to take over the Earth?

AXON DOCTOR:

With all of time and space to feast on, we can afford to leave your puny planet alone.

BREWSTER:

No, no, no. I don't want you to leave it alone. Not exactly. I want you to give it to me.

SCENE 74: INT. AXOS - PASSAGEWAY

FX: SNAPPING OF TENDRILS.

JOANNE:

(WALKING) There's tendrils everywhere-!

DOCTOR:

(WALKING) Then I suggest you avoid them, Ms Slade. Don't flap about, we don't want Axos any more awake than it already is.

DAVID:

I don't understand. Where's it got all this energy from? The Windermere?

DOCTOR:

The microwave device you intended to use to beam energy to earth. It's been reversed. I can only assume, Axos is sucking energy directly from the national power grid. Even as we speak, the lights are probably going out all across the United Kingdom.

DAVID:

How is that possible?

DOCTOR:

It's quite simple. I told them how to do it.

JOANNE:

What?

DOCTOR:

Well, not me. I mean my duplicate. My doppelganger.

BREWSTER:

(OFF) You're wrong, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Thomas Brewster. Fancy meeting you here.

BREWSTER:

Oh, so you're glad to see me, are you? You're wrong, Doctor - about the microwave doo-dah. Axos got its power from draining Devesham alone.

JOANNE:

Devesham? It drained Devesham?

DOCTOR:

Of course. Transmitting energy back through the displacement device on the Windermere, connected to Devesham! Well, this is good news!

DAVID:

Good news?!? All our friends, all our colleagues – you're saying they're dead!

BREWSTER:

Campbell Irons, too.

DOCTOR:

So much for his scheme. Jo, Mr Brock – I don't mean to sound heartless. The point is, Axos could only drain Devesham because Axos was linked directly to Devesham, through the displacement field. But the time threshold remains in place. Axos can't target anywhere else on the Earth, not unless that barrier is broken.

JOANNE:

You mean, it's not too late to save the world?

BREWSTER:

Old mum Smythe, she's safe too. The Jules Verne picked her up.

DAVID:

The Jules Verne? But we saw it destroyed. Sucked dry!

BREWSTER:

Naah. I spoke to her. Tipped her the wink. Changed the future, I guess.

DOCTOR:

Thank goodness. Thank you, Thomas.

BREWSTER:

Yeah, geddoff!

JOANNE:

Changed the future? How is that possible-?

DOCTOR:

Within the confines of the time loop, it's very possible!

DAVID:

The transmission we heard on the Windermere, Jo. Your transmission. Saying the mission had succeeded, and Axos was safe –

JOANNE:

It wasn't real. Like the destruction of the Jules Verne. None of it was real!

DOCTOR:

A four-dimensional mirage, I'm afraid. The ghost of a possible reality? Maybe, maybe not. Time is in flux, it's hard to say.

JOANNE:

Then we can change things. David, we can change things!

DAVID:

Roger that.

DOCTOR:

Ms Slade? Are you going somewhere?

JOANNE:

Remember Campbell's back-up plan? The nuclear reactor, on the Windermere?

DOCTOR:

Jo. It's not come to that. Not yet.

JOANNE:

But it might do. Good luck, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I was there, Joanne, when the British space programme was in its infancy. Those who worked on it were fearless, brave pioneers. I'm glad to see that flame still burning.

JOANNE:

Thank you, Doctor. And good luck. Come on, David.

FX: JOANNE AND DAVID RUN.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER) Send a message to Evelyn! Tell them to get out of the time loop, fast as they can! (BEAT) Come on, Thomas. We need to get back to the TARDIS.

BREWSTER:

You won't be doing nothing without the key, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Well, where did you get that [from-?] (CROSS) Did you just pick my pocket?

BREWSTER:

Once a thief, always a thief – ain't that right?

DOCTOR:

You give that back this instant!

BREWSTER:

Uh, uh, uh! Thing is, Doctor – I don't trust you. I heard what you said to Evelyn, about leaving me to die.

DOCTOR:

But – you can't have! What I mean is, I didn't-!

BREWSTER:

Which is why, well, I've decided to live up to your expectations. You're prepared to let me die to save yourself, why should I be any different?

DOCTOR:

Thomas, whatever you may have heard, I promise you, it was never my intention –

BREWSTER:

Don't tell me, you were just doing your best. Well, I'm doing my best. Looking out for number one. Which is why I've made me a deal.

DOCTOR:

A deal? Who with?

AXON DOCTOR:

(STEPPING IN FROM OFF) A deal... with me.

DOCTOR:

Well, well, well. What have we here? It's a good attempt, I give you that. Not sure you've quite captured my nose, though.

AXON DOCTOR:

Extrude the Doctor's vessel.

FX: SLOOPING EFFECT AS THE TARDIS EMERGES FROM THE WALL.

BREWSTER:

Right then. Here's his TARDIS. And here's the key, like I promised.

AXON DOCTOR:

You have done well, Thomas Brewster.

VOICE OF AXOS:

(ALL AROUND) Now, Doctor. Now you will give us our freedom!

SCENE 75: INT. BRIDGE OF SPACESHIP JULES VERNE

LeFEVRE:

Svenni, can you take us in any closer?

NILSON:

Sorry Philippe. Either we will be caught by the microwave energy or the time distortion may eject us from the barrier altogether.

LeFEVRE:

What about manual delivery?

EVELYN:

Manual what? What are you talking about?

LeFEVRE:

We have a bomb. We could use it.

EVELYN:

A bomb?!?

LeFEVRE:

Only as a final option.

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO) Our mission is a success. Axos is safe. Repeat, Axos is made safe.

NILSON:

Time distortion again.

EVELYN:

I'm still not getting this, though. How is their mission a success? We abandoned the Windermere and were making along the outside to try and get to the Doctor's, er –

NILSON:

His TARDIS, yes. Like we say, we know all about the Doctor.

EVELYN:

Right. But even if they managed to get onboard, how does that qualify as a success? Or is this some sort of possible future? A potential future that might be, but not necessarily?

LeFEVRE:

So we sit and wait, to see what happens. Then, if Axos is not made safe after all, we step in.

EVELYN:

With your bomb.

LeFEVRE:

As I said – it is the final option.

DAVID:

(RADIO) This is spaceship Windermere, calling spaceship Jules Verne! Come in, please-!

NILSON:

Jules Verne, [receiving-]

DAVID:

Spare us the jargon. Turn tail and cross the time threshold. Repeat, cross the time threshold!

NILSON:

On whose authority-?

DAVID:

The Doctor's! Do it! Do it now!

EVELYN:

Well, you heard the man, Phillipe!

LeFEVRE:

Burn, Svenni! Burn!!!

FX: ENGINES BURN.

SCENE 76: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

FX: JOANNE RUSHING IN, DOOR RESEALING BEHIND.

DAVID:

All clear? Jo?

JOANNE:

Yeah. Amazing what a chainsaw can do to an Axonoid. (FX: BELTING UP, STRAPPING IN) Where's the Jules Verne?

FX: RADAR BLIPS.

DAVID:

Approaching the time threshold in five, four, three, two, one... They've gone.

JOANNE:

Then Evelyn Smythe is safe, at least. Status of Windermere.

FX: LEVERS, SWITCHES.

DAVID:

We're still held tight by Axos. If I go for full thrust, it'll blow the ship apart before Axos lets go.

JOANNE:

And set off Campbell's booby-trap, on the reactor?

DAVID:

Yes.

FUTURE JOANNE:

(RADIO) This is the spaceship Windermere. Our mission is a success. Axos is safe. Repeat, Axos is made safe.

DAVID:

That message again. Bouncing around the time loop.

JOANNE:

It's not a mirage, David. Listen. 'Axos is made safe'. Meaning we stop the threat. That's our mission. That's our 'success'.

DAVID:

I have a family.

JOANNE:

Then all the more reason.

SCENE 77: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

FX: NORMAL ATMOS. DOCTOR COMPLETES BUTTON-PRESSING SEQUENCE.

DOCTOR:

There. That's the maths done. Dematerialise the TARDIS, and Axos will follow it out of the loop.

AXON DOCTOR:

I know you, Doctor. As well as you know yourself. You will have tricked us.

DOCTOR:

In that case, my Axon doppelganger, you're welcome to check the program. Go ahead, be my guest.

FX: BUTTONS.

AXON DOCTOR:

There is... no trick.

DOCTOR:

See?

BREWSTER:

(SLIGHTLY OFF) Course there is.

AXON DOCTOR:

Thomas Brewster? What do you mean?

BREWSTER:

Prestidigitation, old chum. You're looking at one hand, but the trick's being done with the other.

AXON DOCTOR:

(GRABBING BREWSTER BY THROAT) What... do you mean?

BREWSTER:

Alright, alright! (RELEASED) What I mean is, the Windermere's about to blow up. Axos'll stay stuck in the loop, feeding over and over on the explosion.

DOCTOR:

Have you no decency, Thomas Brewster-?

BREWSTER:

Just looking out for meself, Doctor. I'd say sorry, but I can't say I am, much.

AXON DOCTOR:

Then – I must dematerialise this vessel!

DOCTOR:

No!!!

FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISING.

SCENE 78: INT. FLIGHT DECK OF SPACESHIP WINDERMERE

JOANNE:

(INTO COMMS) This is the spaceship Windermere. Our mission is a success. Axos is safe. Repeat, Axos is made safe. We brought this on ourselves, but through our actions we hope we have redeemed the good name of the British Space Programme, and those who went before us. If anyone receives this message, please tell our families that our last thoughts... Our last thoughts were of them. And that we ask them to forgive us.

DAVID:

Ready to go for full thrust.

JOANNE:

Ready.

DAVID:

Then here goes nothing. Three, two, one -

FX: HUGE EXPLOSION. IN SPACE, YES, I KNOW.

SCENE 79: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

FX: TARDIS IN FLIGHT.

AXON DOCTOR:

The controls confirm it. The explosion has occurred inside the time loop. But Axos is no longer there. Axos is free.

BREWSTER:

Thanks to yours truly.

DOCTOR:

Thanks to you, those astronauts died for nothing!

BREWSTER:

Their choice to mess with Axos. Nothing to do with me.

DOCTOR:

I wish to make Axos an offer. I can take you somewhere utterly devoid of intelligent life. There are regions where you can feed until the heat death of the universe without once coming across anything with an IQ higher than a bowl of porridge.

AXON DOCTOR:

We believe that you could take us to such a region.

DOCTOR:

So will you?

AXON DOCTOR:

No. Axos will feed on Earth.

BREWSTER:

Hey, what about our deal?

AXON DOCTOR:

You would have betrayed us, Thomas Brewster. We read it in your mind. So is it such a surprise that we should betray you?

BREWSTER:

No. I knew you were only keeping me alive for as long as I made myself useful. And all that stuff about the Doctor being prepared to let me die – naah, that's not how it was, was it? Not really.

DOCTOR:

No, Thomas. No, it wasn't.

AXON DOCTOR:

It is of no matter. When we have exhausted the Earth, we shall take your TARDIS and feed on the universe.

DOCTOR:

Oh, Axos, I'm sorry. I'm so very, very sorry.

VOICE OF AXOS:

You regret your loss.

DOCTOR:

No. I was apologising to you. Thomas, hold him-!

BREWSTER:

(GRABBING AXON DOCTOR) Right you are –

AXON DOCTOR:

There is a trick! Depersonalise! Depersonalise!!!

BREWSTER:

(STRUGGLING) Whatever you're about to do, Doctor – do it!

FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISING.

DOCTOR:

Fast return switch! Axos is headed straight back into the explosion!!!

AXON DOCTOR:

Nooo-!!! You must not!!!

SCENE 80: INT. AXOS - EYE CHAMBER

VOICE OF AXOS:

Alert. Axos returning into time loop. Axos unable to escape time threshold. Time loop repeating, repeating, repeating..

FX: AXOS EXPLODES. AND EXPLODES. AND EXPLODES. ETC.

SCENE 81: INT. BRIDGE OF SPACESHIP JULES VERNE

FX: REPEATED SOUNDS OF AXOS EXPLOSION OVER MONITOR.

NILSON:

See that, Philippe? Axos exploded!

LeFEVRE:

And again! And again! And again!!!

EVELYN:

But what about the Doctor and Thomas?!?

SCENE 82: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

FX: IN FLIGHT. TURBULENCE. ENGINES GROANING HORRIBLY.

DOCTOR:

(SHAKEN) Hold on tight, Thomas! The TARDIS wasn't designed to take this sort of turbulence!

THOMAS:

(SHAKEN) Well, are we gonna get out?

DOCTOR:

(SHAKEN) Honestly? I don't know!

BREWSTER:

(SHAKEN) If we don't – I knew you'd have a plan, Doctor. I knew you wouldn't give Axos what it wanted on a plate!

DOCTOR:

(SHAKEN) Did you really?

FX: THEN, SUDDENLY – ENGINES QUIETEN. STILLNESS. BUTTONS

DOCTOR:

We're out. Thomas, we're out of the time loop!

BREWSTER:

And Axos?

DOCTOR:

Back inside. Going nuclear over and over again.

BREWSTER:

what, forever?

DOCTOR:

Oh, no. Only until the loop decays naturally – say, in another six billion years? Long after this galaxy has ceased to support any kind of life, human or otherwise. I'd call that a good day's work, personally.

FX: 'AXONOID' STIRRING BESIDE. TENDRILS.

BREWSTER:

Err, Doctor... haven't you forgotten something-?

DOCTOR:

"Forgotten something," Thomas? No, no – can't say I have...

BREWSTER:

Axon – monster – thing!

DOCTOR:

Ah, my depersonalised doppelganger. Well, don't mind him. Cut off from the host body, all he can do is rot.

DEPERSONALISED AXON DOCTOR:

Doc-tor... we will absorb you. Doc-tor!!!

DOCTOR:

I'd like to see you try. But by the looks of it, my friend..

DEPERSONALISED AXON DOCTOR:

Absorb youuuu... (DIES)

FX: AXON DOCTOR DISSOLVES TO FLOOR.

DOCTOR:

... you just don't have the energy.

BREWSTER:

Cor, that's disgusting.

DOCTOR:

Fetch a bucket and mop, would you, Thomas?

BREWSTER:

Not keen on cleaning up after your mess, are you?

DOCTOR:

I shall be otherwise engaged. I need to pick up Evelyn.

FX: FADE.

SCENE 83: INT. BRIDGE OF SPACESHIP JULES VERNE

LeFEVRE:

(INTO COMMS) Geneva, This is the spaceship Jules Verne. Our mission is a success. Axos is safe. Repeat, Axos is made safe. We are returning home.

FX: ENGINES BURN. CROSS TO:

SCENE 84: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

FX: IN FLIGHT. JULES VERNE STREAKS AWAY OVER TARDIS SCANNER.

EVELYN:

There they go. Brave, brave men.

DOCTOR:

Yes, well – so long as they take the message back with them: humanity will have to solve its energy crises on its own!

EVELYN:

Quite. (BEAT) Well, if you'll excuse me, I've had enough of lolling about inside a spacesuit to last me a lifetime. I'll leave you boys to it, shall I?

FX: INTERIOR DOOR CLOSSES. DOCTOR PROGRAMMING CONTROLS.

BREWSTER:

Think she wants us to talk, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I made her a promise, back on Axos. I promised to trust you, Thomas.

BREWSTER:

You're taking me back? To my own time?

DOCTOR:

No more pretending to be me, mind. There isn't a vacancy!

BREWSTER:

Fair enough. Deal.

DOCTOR:

We're not so different, you and I. That's what Evelyn thinks. Both independent spirits, having to rely on our wits to survive, striving to do what's best...

BREWSTER:

Come off it, Doctor. Do you really think that? Do you really think we're not different?

DOCTOR:

Well, it was just an observation.

BREWSTER:

Thing is – you're a Lord. A Time Lord, but a Lord all the same. Any time this gallivanting gets too much to you, you can just go home, and everything will be peachy. Me, I've got nothing. No-one. I've had to fight to get on in the world, ever since I was a nipper. Nobody's ever done me any favours – I've had to take what I needed. No schooling, no roof over my head. I haven't had it handed to me on a silver plate. Not like some.

DOCTOR:

I... take your point. Thomas?

BREWSTER:

Yes?

DOCTOR:

I want you to take you to a strange, beautiful world, still largely unexplored. A place where no-one knows how high the mountains are, how deep the oceans are, or what strange creatures lurk there. Whole continents full of ice, vast deserts, entire civilizations still unmapped and unknown. And everywhere, there is romance, and mystery, and the people who live there have the most extraordinary, inventive, and daring minds imaginable. A world where absolutely anything is possible.

BREWSTER:

Appreciate the offer, Doctor – but I'd rather be on Earth.

DOCTOR:

I was talking about Earth. That's where we're going.

FX: TARDIS VWORPING AWAY.

THE END